



JUNE

# WAGON TRAIN

Flint McCullough  
captures an outlaw gang!



WARD  
BOND

ROBERT  
HORTON



# WHO WHY?

Tell us in 25 words or less and

# WIN!

prizes! prizes! prizes!

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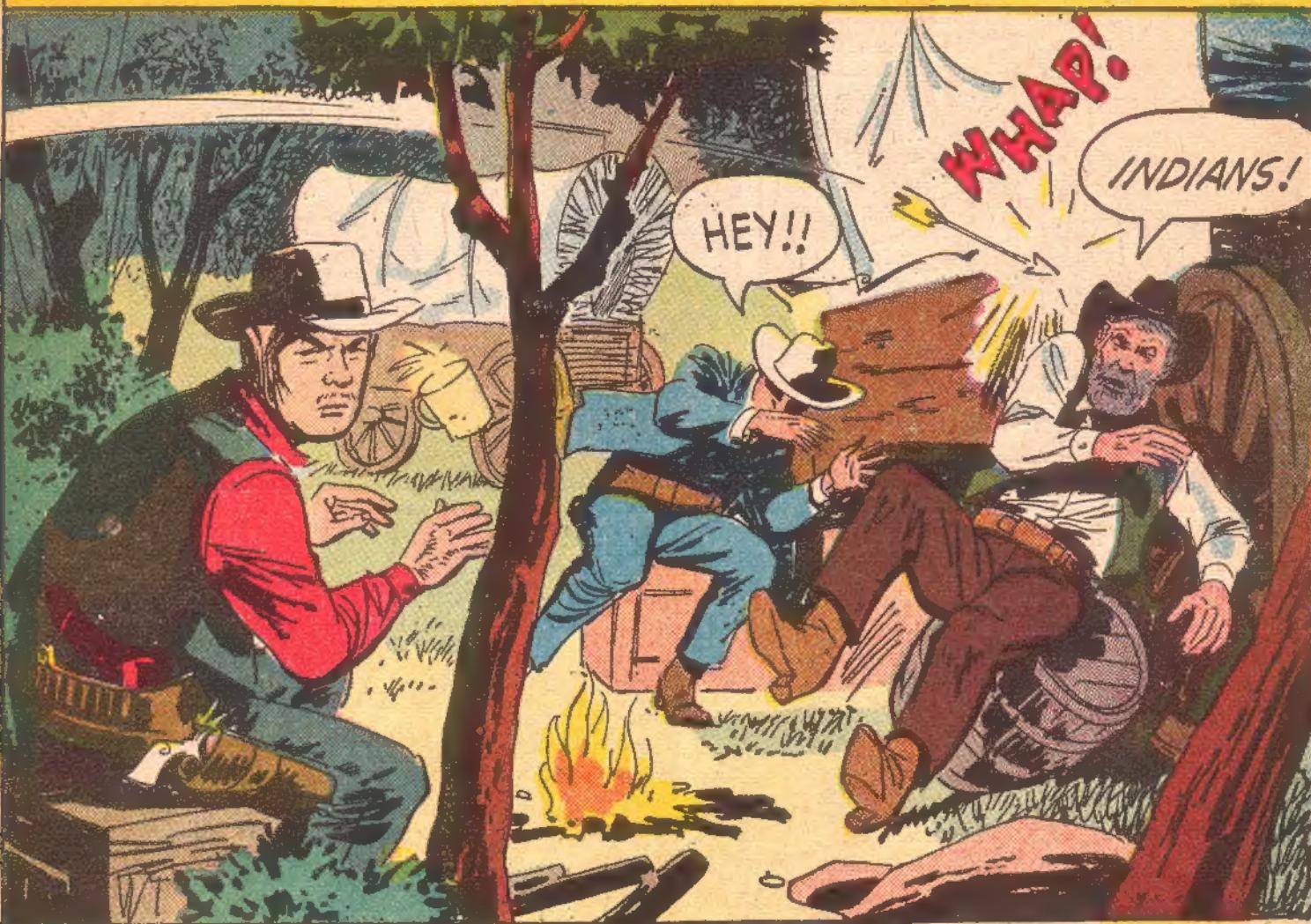
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# WAGON TRAIN ARROW'S AIM



EVERYONE  
TAKE COVER!



MAJOR ADAMS SCANS THE AREA  
FOR SIGNS OF THE ATTACKER...



WAGON TRAIN NO. 9

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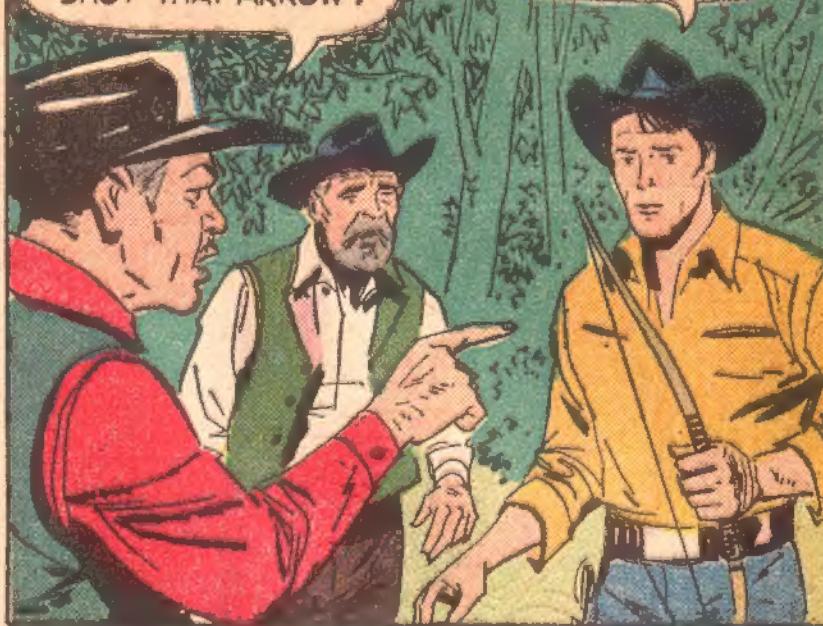
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SUPPENLY, FLINT MCCULLOUGH APPEARS FROM BEHIND SOME TREES...

WHAT'S EVERYONE HIDING FOR?  
SOMETHING WRONG?

DON'T TELL ME YOU SHOT THAT ARROW!

WHAT ARROW?



THIS ARROW!  
IT ALMOST TOOK  
OUR HEADS OFF!

DOGGONE, MAJOR... I  
SURE DIDN'T MEAN TO  
COME THAT CLOSE...  
MUST HAVE MISSED  
THAT TREE BACK  
AWAYS!



I'VE JUST BEEN PRACTICING  
WITH THIS BOW AND ARROWS  
MY INDIAN FRIEND, WHITE  
BEAR, GAVE ME!

I'D SAY YOU  
NEED A LOT  
MORE  
PRACTICE!

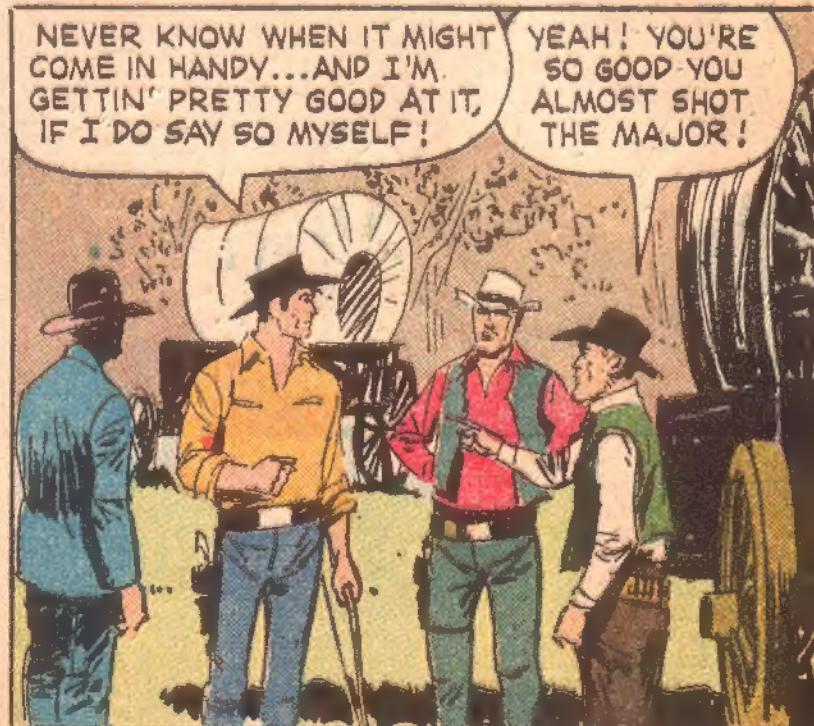


YOU HANDLE A GUN  
WELL ENOUGH, FLINT  
...LEAVE THE BOW  
AND ARROWS TO THE  
INDIANS!

IT'S JUST  
A FORM OF  
RECREATION,  
MAJOR...

NEVER KNOW WHEN IT MIGHT  
COME IN HANDY... AND I'M  
GETTIN' PRETTY GOOD AT IT,  
IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

YEAH! YOU'RE  
SO GOOD YOU  
ALMOST SHOT  
THE MAJOR!



WHY DON'T YOU TAKE UP  
SOME OTHER FORM OF  
RECREATION... LIKE  
SEWING OR  
KNITTING?

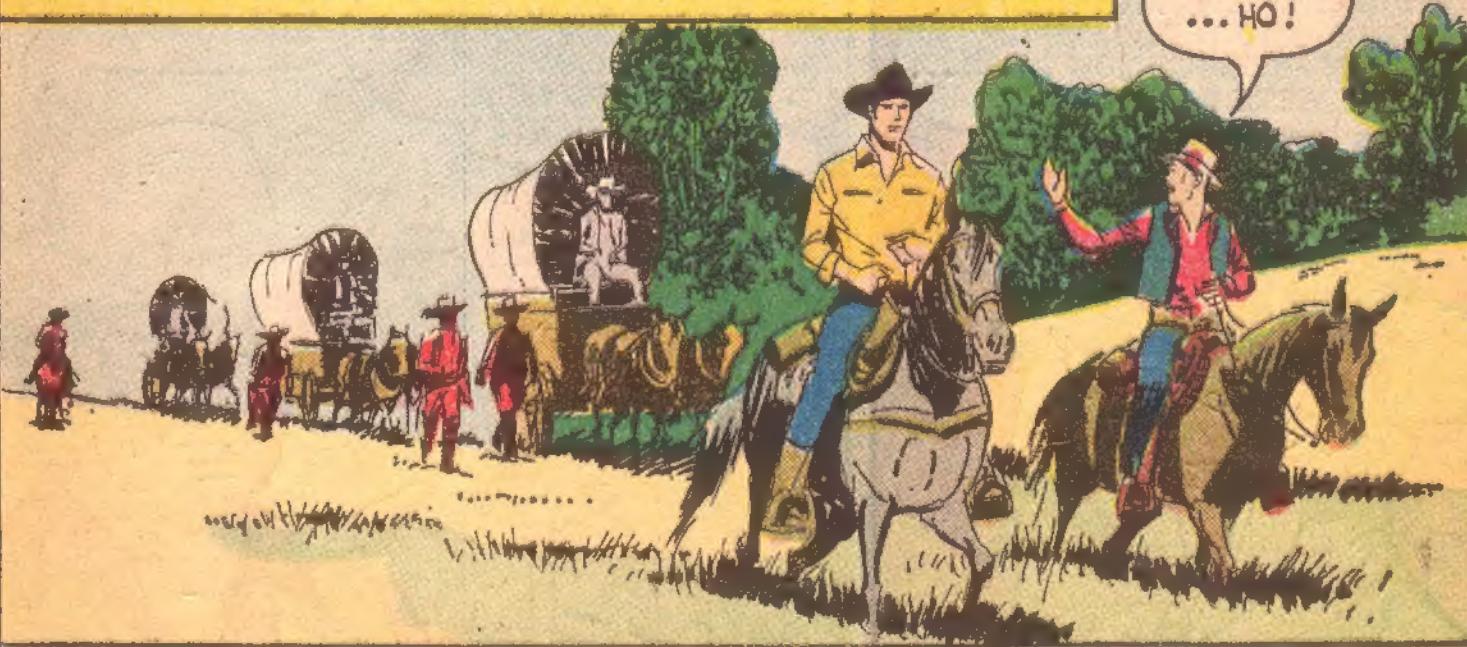
WOULDN'T MAKE ANY  
DIFFERENCE, MAJOR...  
HE'D PROBABLY STAB  
SOMEBODY WITH A  
KNITTIN' NEEDLE!

GO AHEAD AND LAUGH, BOYS...  
ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL PROVE TO  
YOU THAT A BOW AND ARROW IS  
EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS A GUN...  
IF NOT BETTER!



THE NEXT MORNING, THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES OUT ONCE AGAIN...

WAGONS  
... HO!



AS THEY MOVE ALONG TRAIL...

SOMEONE  
UP AHEAD!

WONPER WHO HE IS?  
HE'S A LONG WAY  
FROM ANY TOWN!



THE STRANGER APPROACHES...

A LAWMAN... AT LEAST IT  
LOOKS THAT WAY... HE'S WEARIN'  
A BADGE!

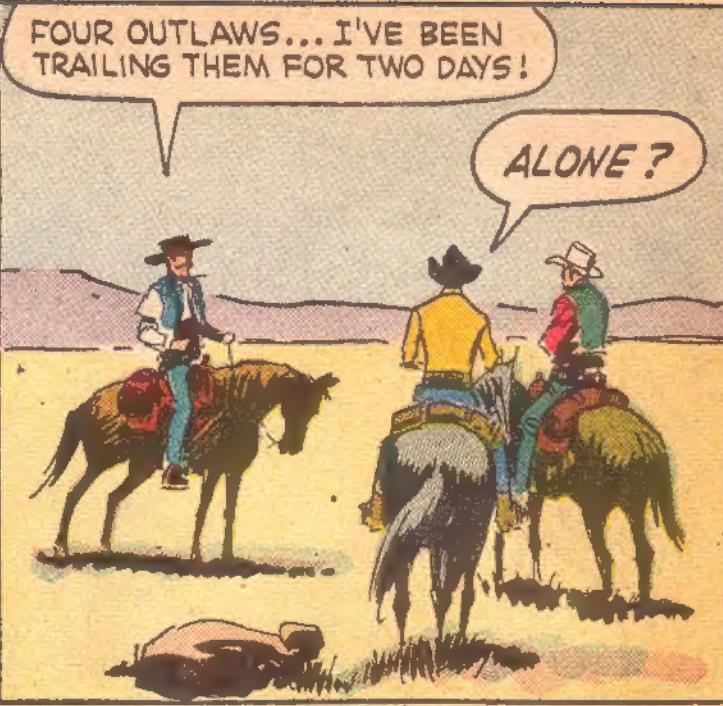
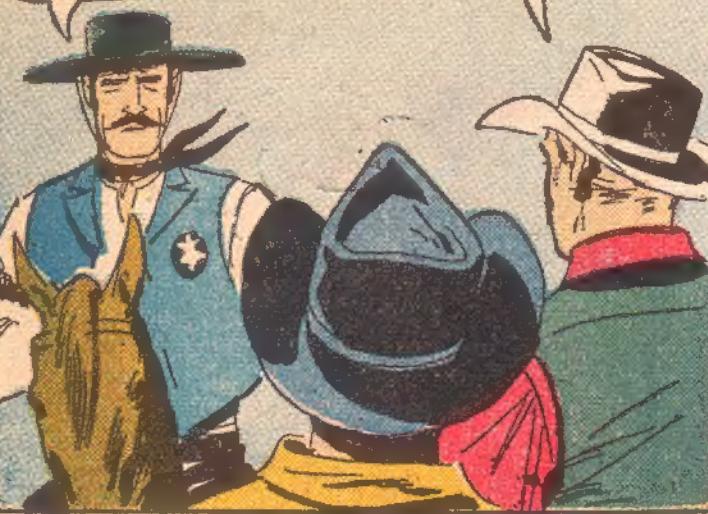


HOWDY, MEN...  
I'M SHERIFF  
DAVE KINMAN...  
FROM RAINBOW  
RIDGE!

THAT'S A LONG WAYS  
FROM HERE, SHERIFF  
...WHAT BRINGS YOU  
INTO THESE PARTS?

FOUR OUTLAWS... I'VE BEEN  
TRAILING THEM FOR TWO DAYS!

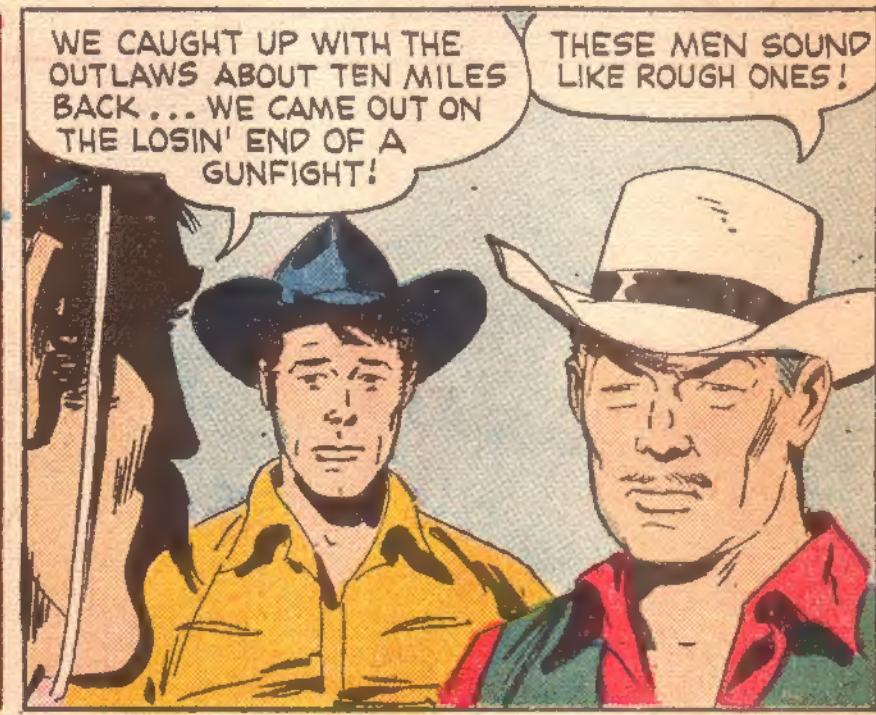
ALONE?



MY DEPUTY WAS WITH ME  
WHEN I STARTED... AND A  
CITIZEN FROM RAINBOW RIDGE...  
THEY WERE BOTH KILLED!

WE CAUGHT UP WITH THE  
OUTLAWS ABOUT TEN MILES  
BACK... WE CAME OUT ON  
THE LOSIN' END OF A  
GUNFIGHT!

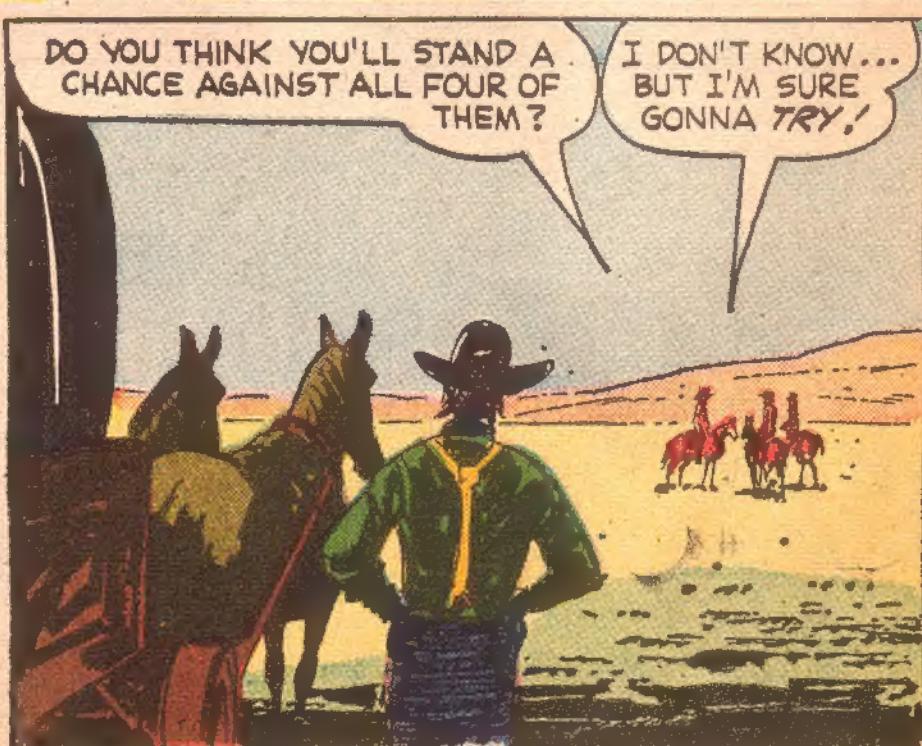
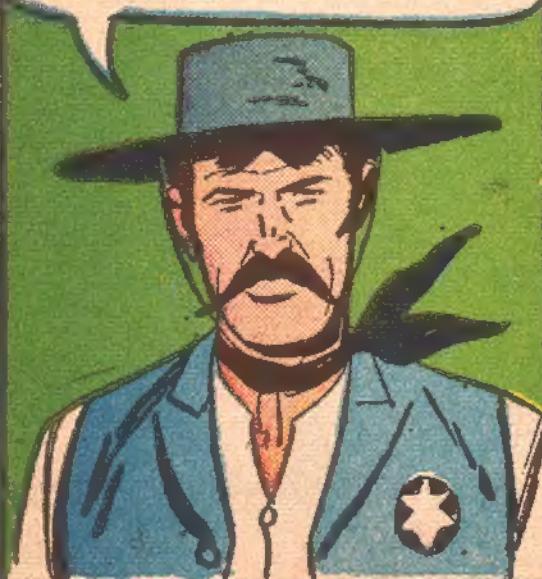
THESE MEN SOUND  
LIKE ROUGH ONES!



THEY ARE... BUT I'M NOT  
RIDIN' BACK NOW... IF I TAKE  
TIME TO GET MORE MEN, I  
MIGHT LOSE THEM FOR GOOD!

DO YOU THINK YOU'LL STAND A  
CHANCE AGAINST ALL FOUR OF  
THEM?

I DON'T KNOW...  
BUT I'M SURE  
GONNA TRY!

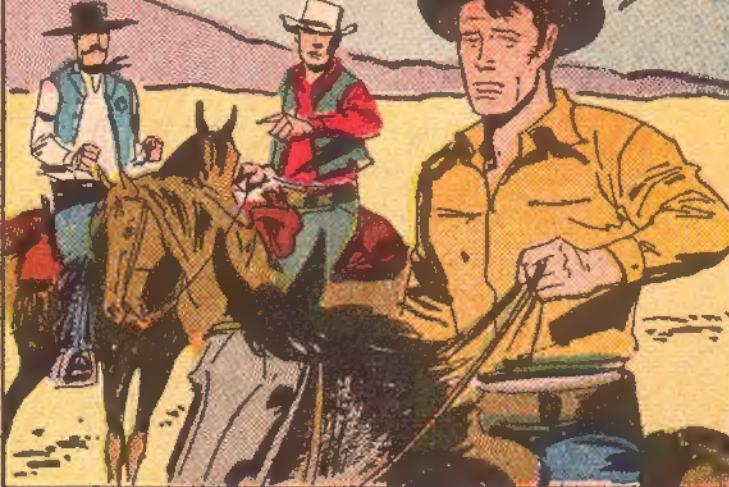


I WAS HOPIN' MAYBE I COULD GET SOME FOOD FROM YOU BOYS ... GOOD HOT CUP OF COFFEE MIGHT HELP ME KEEP GOIN'!

SHERIFF, WE'LL DO EVEN BETTER THAN THAT . . . WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A COMPLETE MEAL!

GIVE THE WORD, FLINT... WE'LL MAKE CAMP FOR A SHORT TIME WHILE WOOSTER COOKS SOMETHING UP!

RIGHT!



I APPRECIATE THIS, MISTER...

MAJOR SETH ADAMS, SHERIFF! THAT OTHER FELLA IS MY SCOUT, FLINT McCULLOUGH!



LATER...

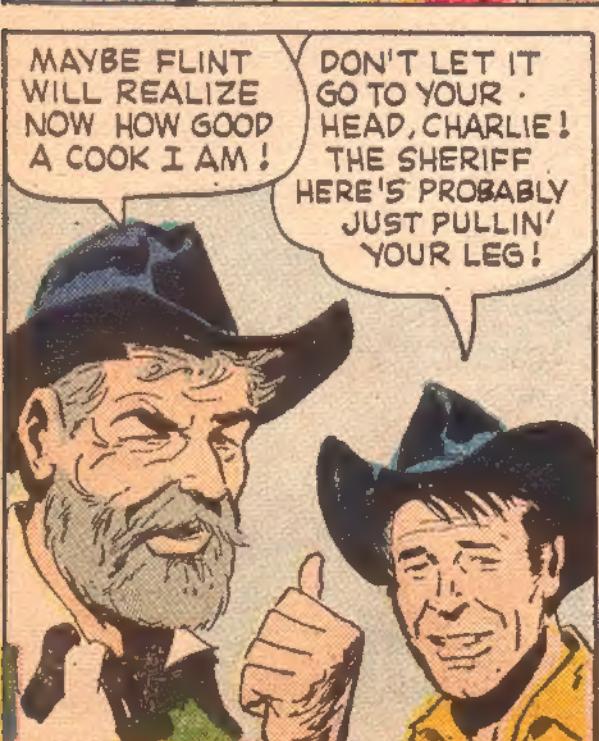
MR. WOOSTER, THAT WAS WITHOUT A DOUBT THE **BEST** MEAL I'VE HAD IN A YEAR!

THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS, MISTER SHERIFF...



MAYBE FLINT WILL REALIZE NOW HOW GOOD A COOK I AM!

DON'T LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD, CHARLIE! THE SHERIFF HERE'S PROBABLY JUST PULLIN' YOUR LEG!



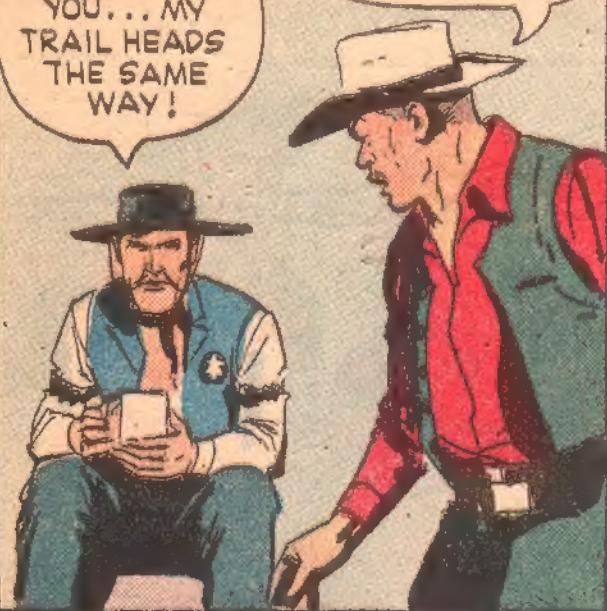
WHICH WAY YOU BOYS MOVIN'?

WEST... UP THROUGH EAGLE CANYON...



I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YOU... MY TRAIL HEADS THE SAME WAY!

FINE! LET'S GET STARTED!



AS THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES OUT AGAIN...

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT SHERIFF...

THE SAME THOUGHT I'VE BEEN HAVING, FLINT...



GOIN' AFTER FOUR MEN LIKE THAT... ALL ALONE!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... BUT WE HAVE OUR JOBS, TOO!



WE HAVE A WHOLE WAGON TRAIN OF PEOPLE IN OUR CHARGE... I'M SURE THE SHERIFF UNDERSTANDS THAT!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT...



A SHORT TIME LATER...

LOOKS LIKE A STORM COMING UP!

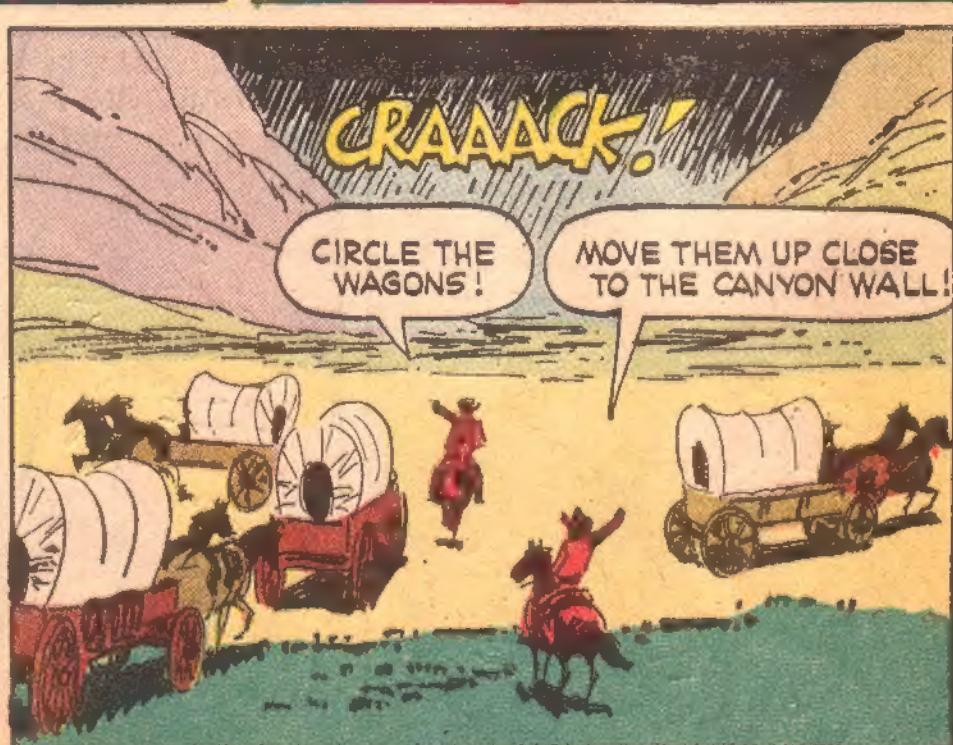
THAT KIND DOESN'T BLOW OVER, MAJOR!



CRAAACK!

CIRCLE THE WAGONS!

MOVE THEM UP CLOSE TO THE CANYON WALL!



THIS RAIN IS GOING  
TO WASH OUT ALL  
THE TRACKS!

IT'S ONE OF THOSE  
SUDDEN PRAIRIE  
STORMS, SHERIFF...

THEY HIT FAST,  
BUT THEY DON'T  
LAST LONG...

I HOPE YOU'RE  
RIGHT!

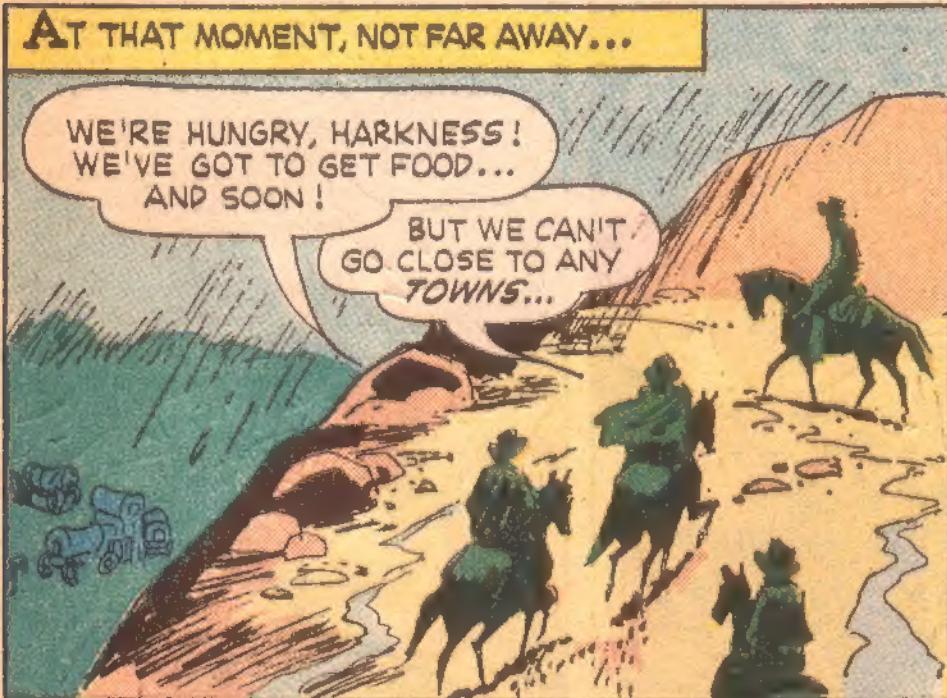


AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY...

WE'RE HUNGRY, HARKNESS!  
WE'VE GOT TO GET FOOD...  
AND SOON!

BUT WE CAN'T  
GO CLOSE TO ANY  
TOWNS...

STOP  
YOUR  
COMPLAINING  
AND LOOK  
DOWN  
THERE...



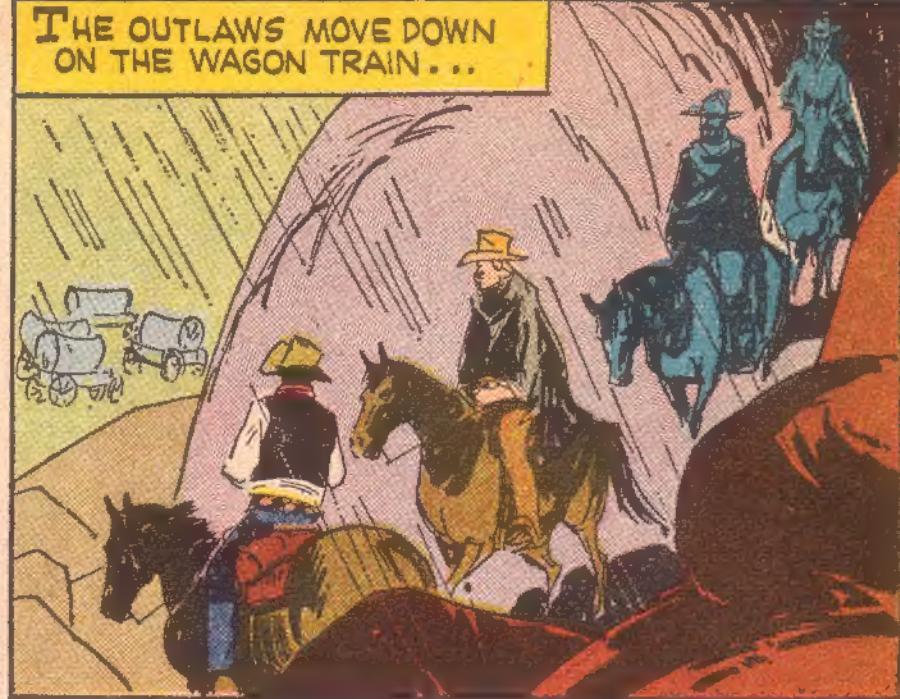
THIS RAIN WILL MAKE IT EASIER...  
WE CAN GET SOME SUPPLIES FROM  
THEM!

IT'LL BE RISKY...



SO IT'S RISKY... EVERY MOVE  
WE MAKE IS A RISK...  
REMEMBER? WE'RE  
WANTED MEN!

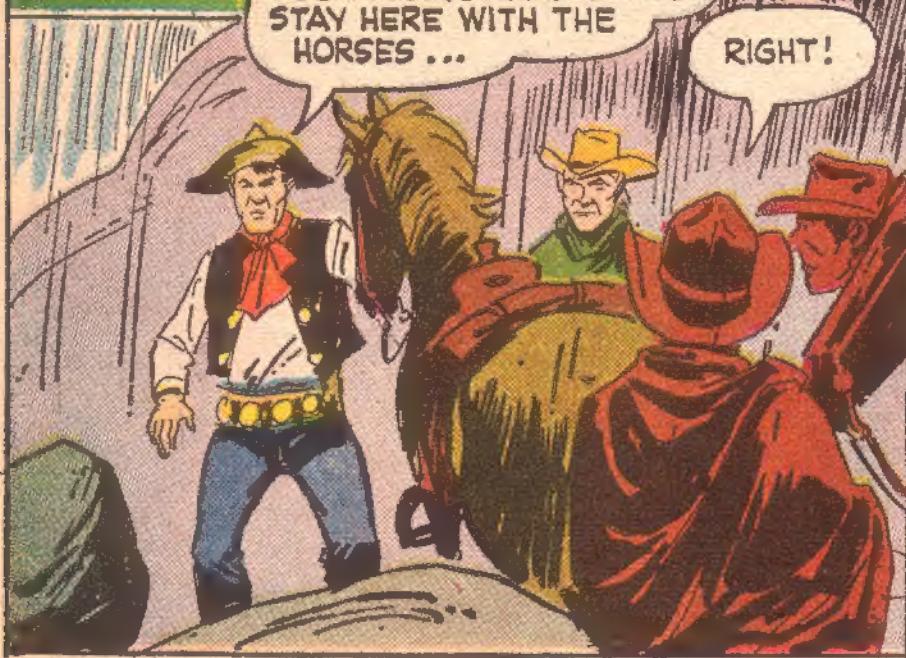
THE OUTLAWS MOVE DOWN  
ON THE WAGON TRAIN...



SHORTLY...

LOGAN... YOU AND SIMMS  
STAY HERE WITH THE  
HORSES...

RIGHT!



THAT RAIN  
IS REALLY  
COMING  
DOWN  
HARD!

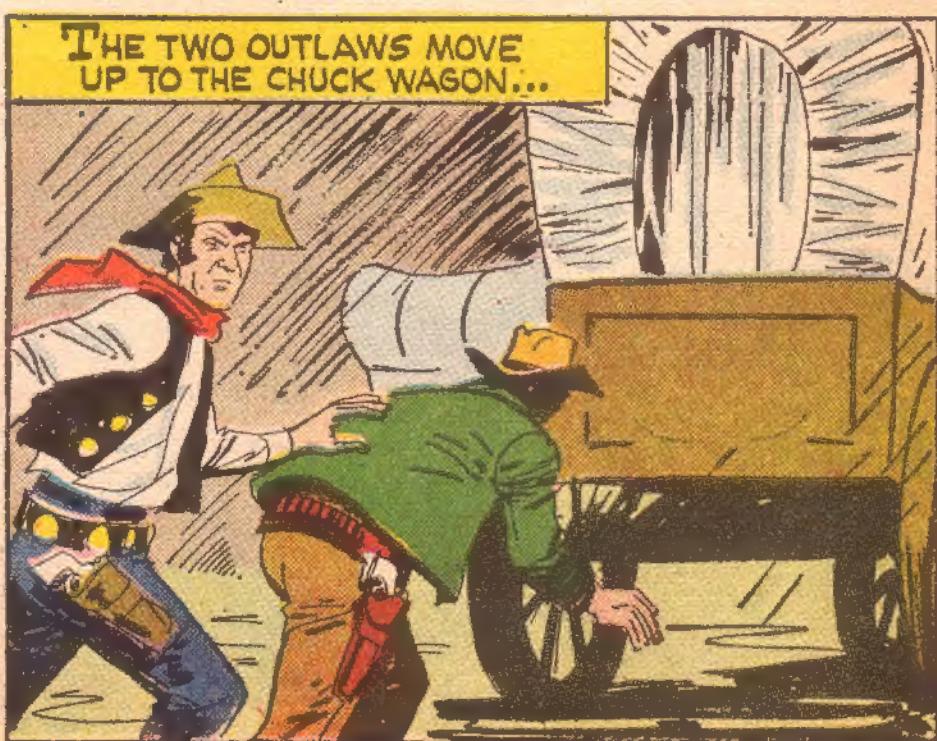
I WISH IT WOULD  
STOP... I'M LOSING  
TIME EVERY  
MINUTE!



THE MEN YOU'RE TRAILING  
ARE PROBABLY CAUGHT IN IT,  
TOO, SHERIFF... THEY'LL BE  
LOSING JUST AS MUCH TIME!



THE TWO OUTLAWS MOVE  
UP TO THE CHUCK WAGON...



SUDDENLY...

WHAT???

JUST SIT QUIET,  
MISTER... AND  
YOU MIGHT  
LIVE TO TELL  
ABOUT THIS!

THE OUTLAWS GRAB A  
FEW NEEDED SUPPLIES...

DON'T POKE YOUR  
HEAD OUT, OLD-TIMER!

LUCKY THING  
IT RAINED,  
HARKNESS...

MAJOR!  
MAJOR!

BUT THE RAIN AND WIND  
DROWNS OUT CHARLIE'S CALL...

GOT TO TELL  
THE MAJOR!

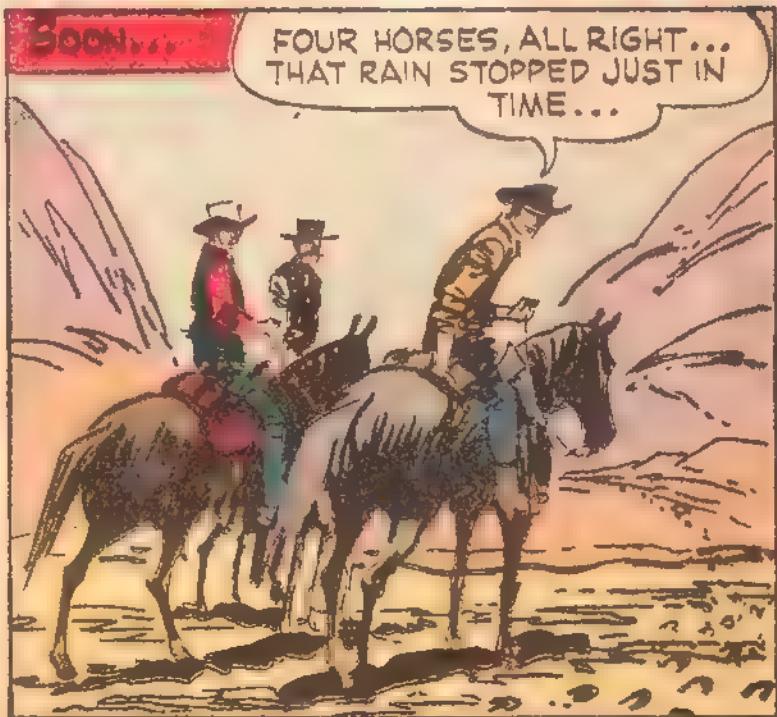
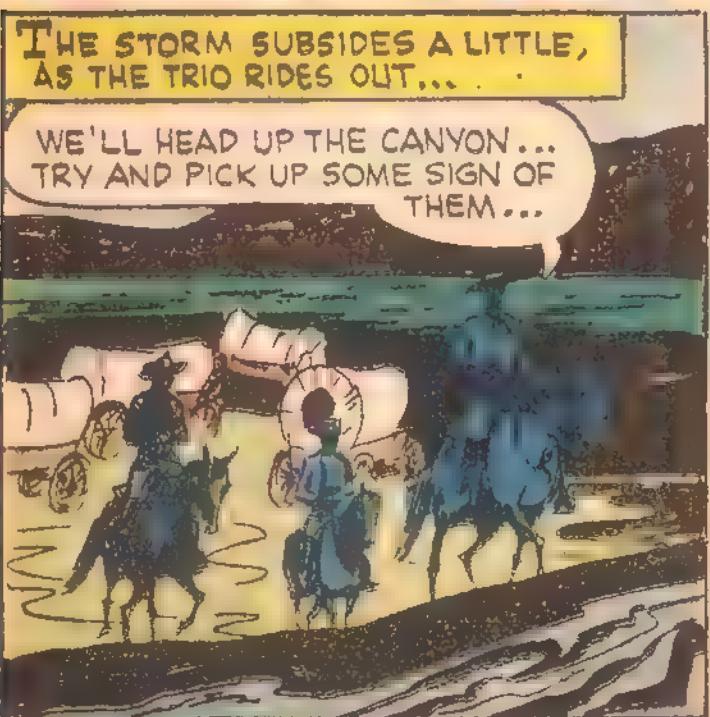
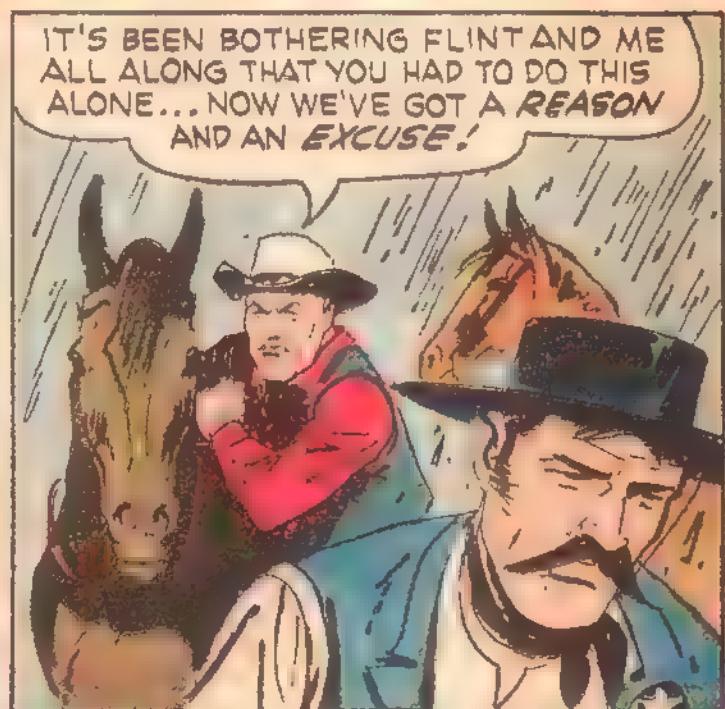
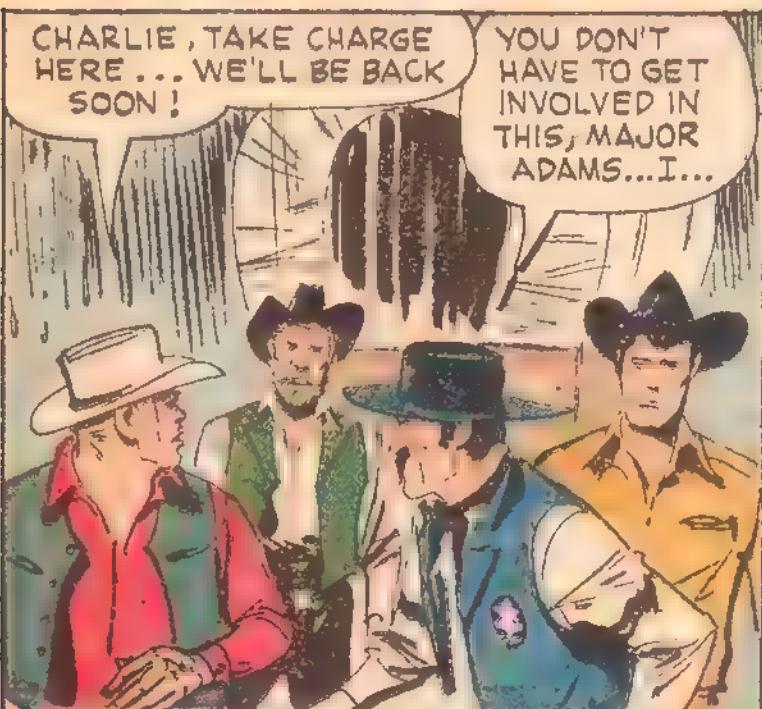
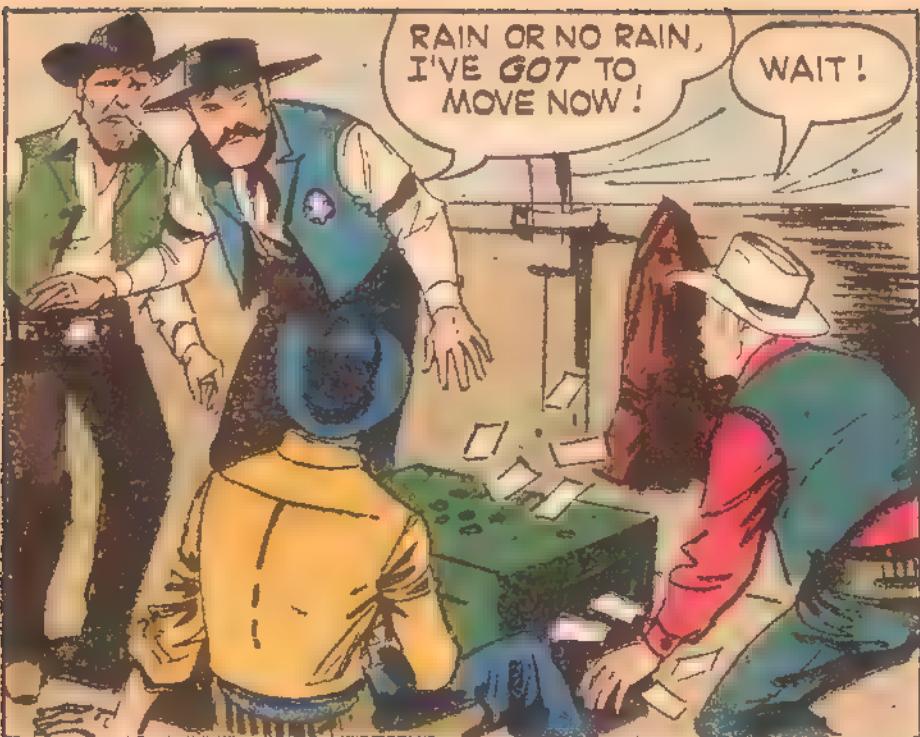
OOoo

AND SOON...

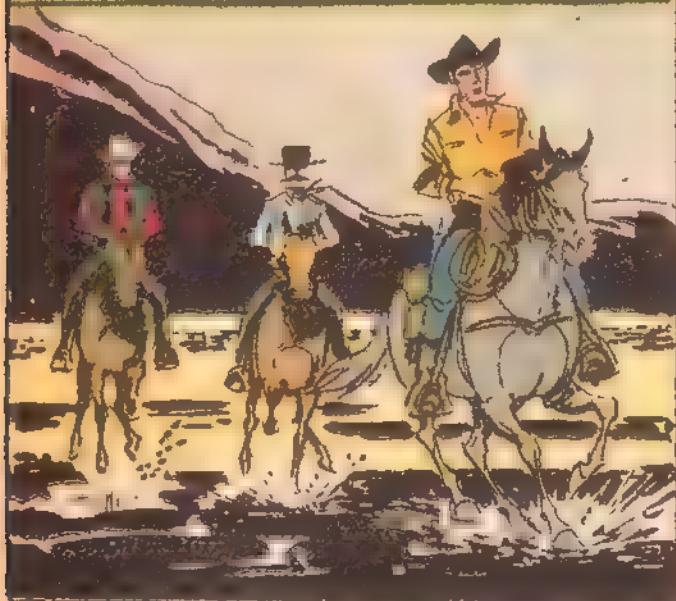
... AND THEY HAD A GUN  
STUCK RIGHT IN MY HEAD!  
THERE WAS NOTHIN' I  
COULD DO! ONE OF 'EM  
WAS NAMED HARKNESS!

WHAT???

THAT'S ONE  
OF THE  
OUTLAWS  
I'VE BEEN  
TRAILING...



THE THREE MEN CONTINUE ON THE  
TRAIL OF THE FOUR OUTLAWS...



A MILE AHEAD, THE OUTLAWS  
SIGHT AN OLD SHACK...



WE'RE IN LUCK... SEE THAT STOVE!  
GET SOME WOOD... AND START A FIRE!



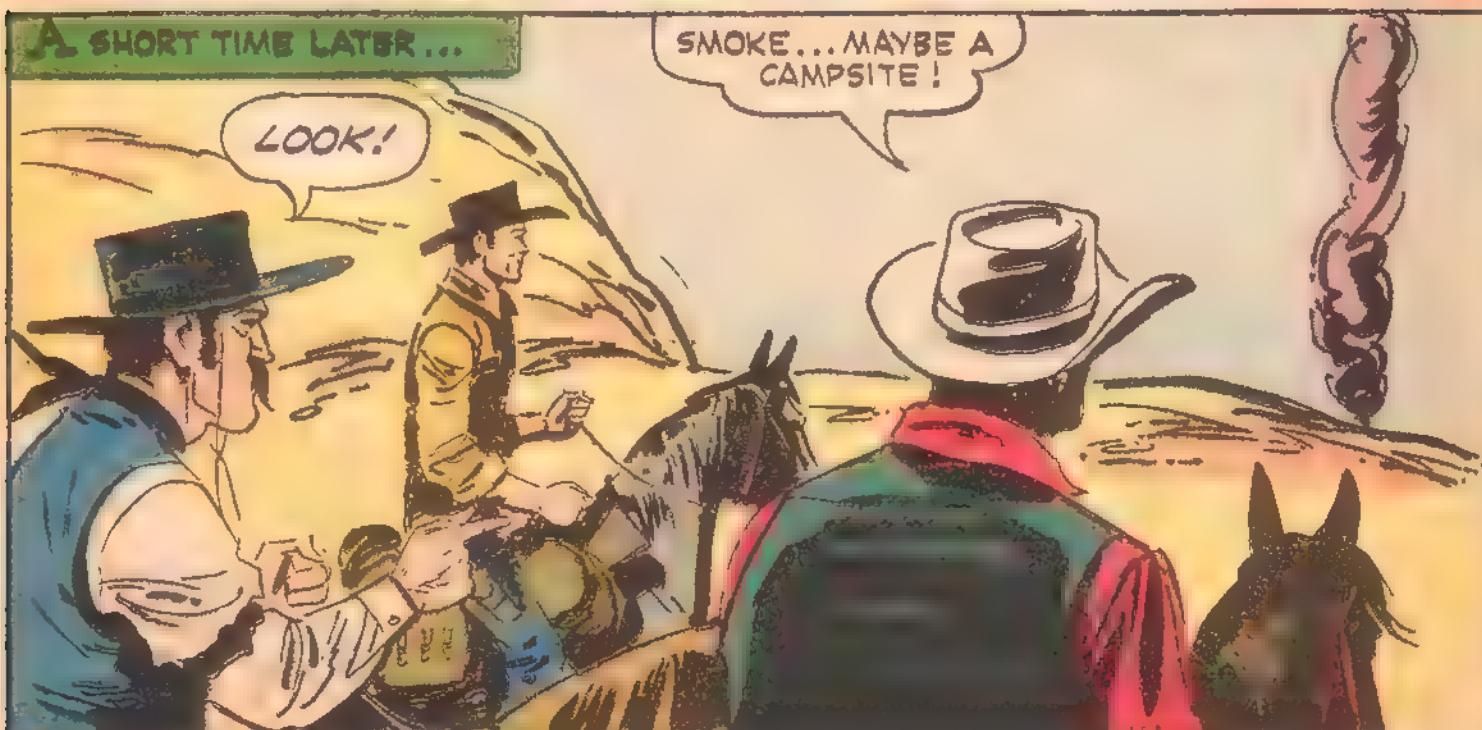
THIS WOOD'S  
PRETTY WET!

IT'LL DO... IT'S  
BETTER THAN  
NOTHING!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

SMOKE... MAYBE A  
CAMP SITE!

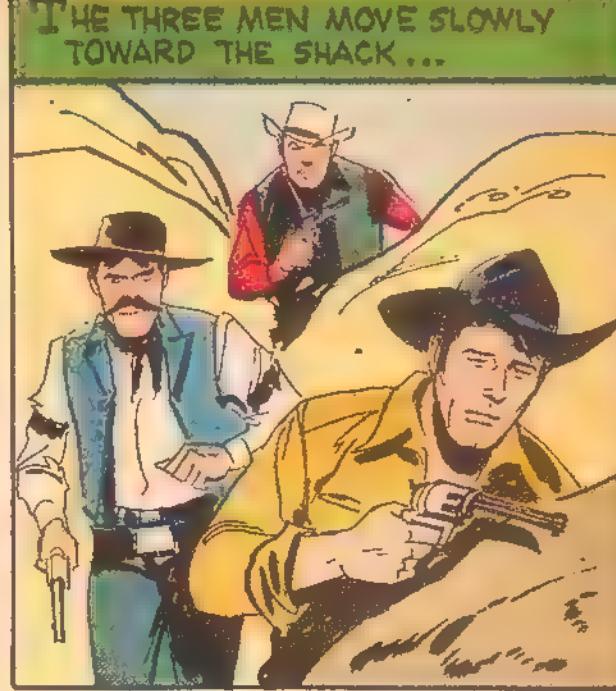


SOON...

THAT OLD SHACK...  
THE TRACKS LEAD  
RIGHT TO IT!

WE'VE GOT TO  
GET CLOSER...

THE THREE MEN MOVE SLOWLY  
TOWARD THE SHACK...

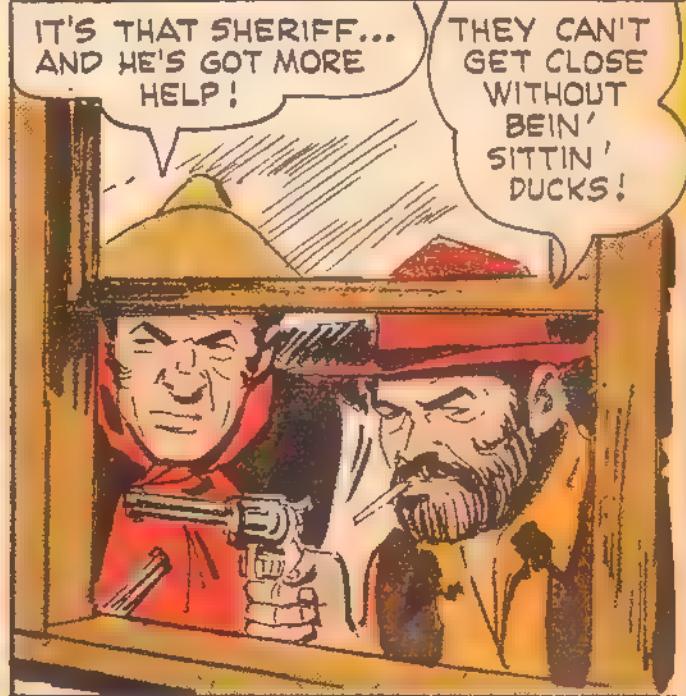


BUT INSIDE THE SHACK...

HARKNESS! THERE'S  
SOMEBODY COMIN'!

IT'S THAT SHERIFF...  
AND HE'S GOT MORE  
HELP!

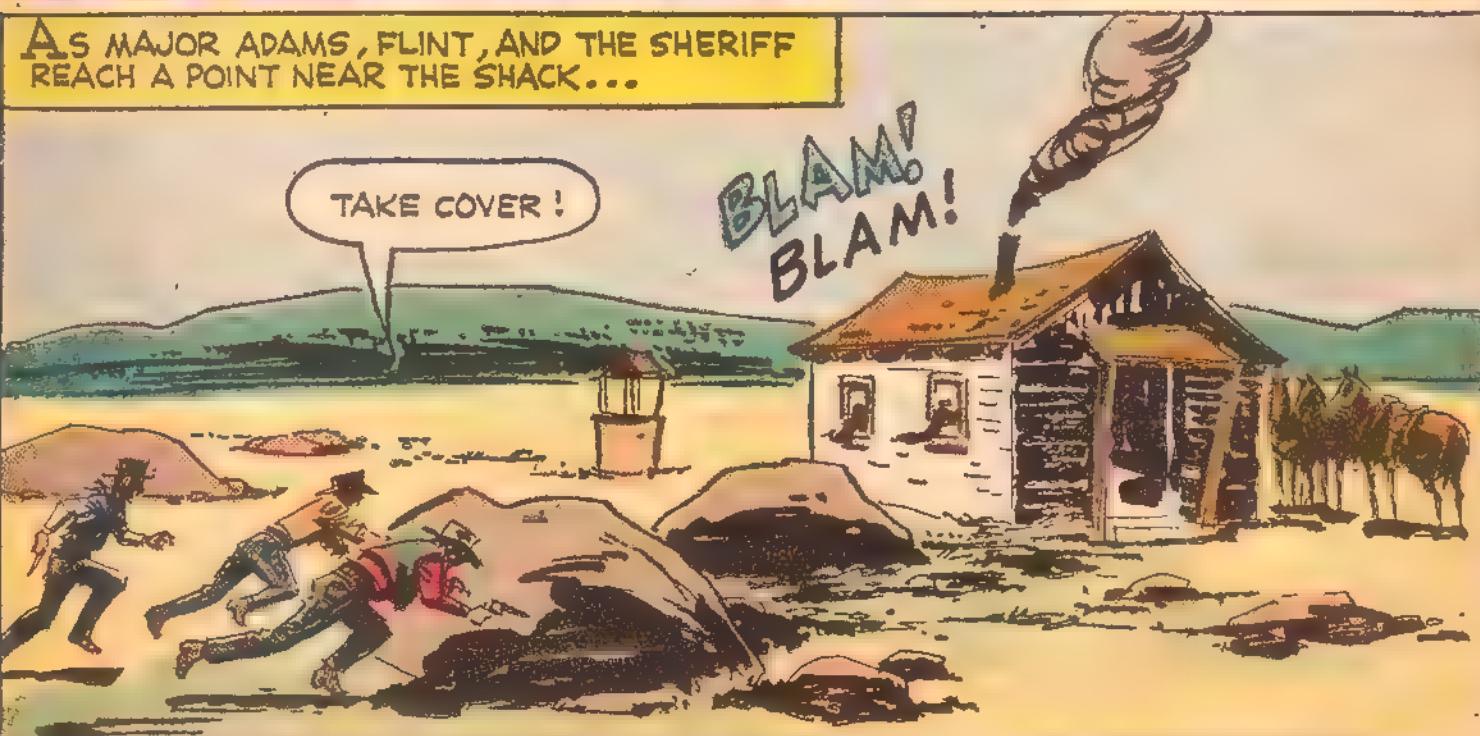
THEY CAN'T  
GET CLOSE  
WITHOUT  
BEIN'  
SITTIN'  
DUCKS!



AS MAJOR ADAMS, FLINT, AND THE SHERIFF  
REACH A POINT NEAR THE SHACK...

TAKE COVER!

BLAM!  
BLAM!

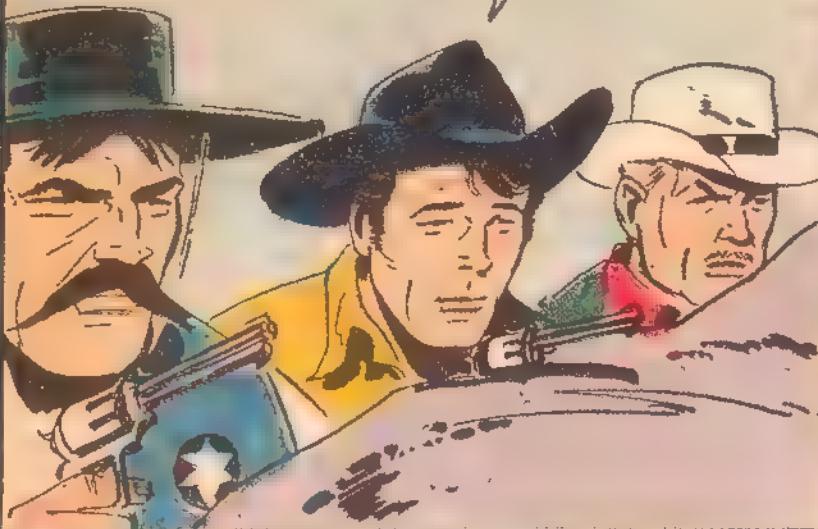


WE CAN'T GET ANY CLOSER!

AND THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG THEY CAN HOLD OUT!

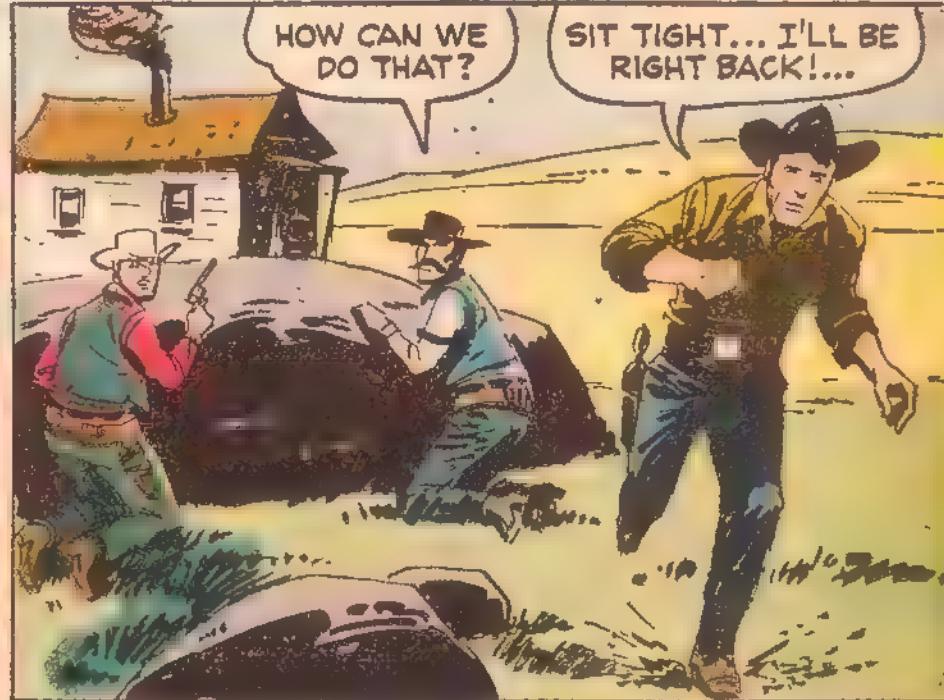
WE COULD WAIT TILL DARKNESS!

THAT MIGHT GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO ESCAPE ...



FLINT GETS AN IDEA...

MAYBE YOU'LL BOTH THINK I'M CRAZY... BUT I THINK WE CAN GET THEM TO COME OUT OF THAT SHACK!



NOW I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVE TO THE MAJOR JUST WHAT THIS BOW AND ARROW CAN DO IN THE RIGHT SITUATION!



SOON...

A BOW AND ARROW? NOW JUST WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT?

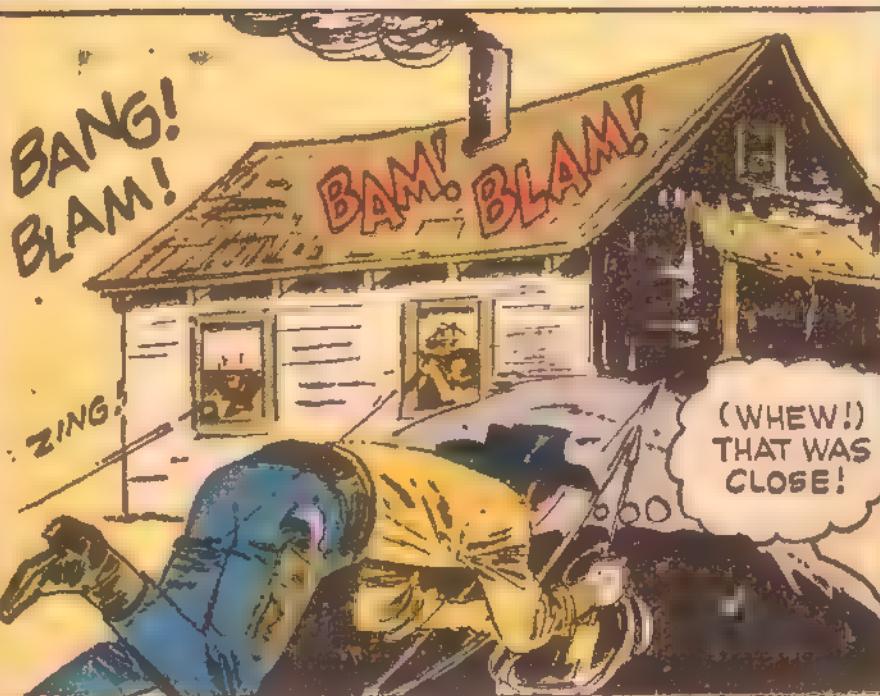
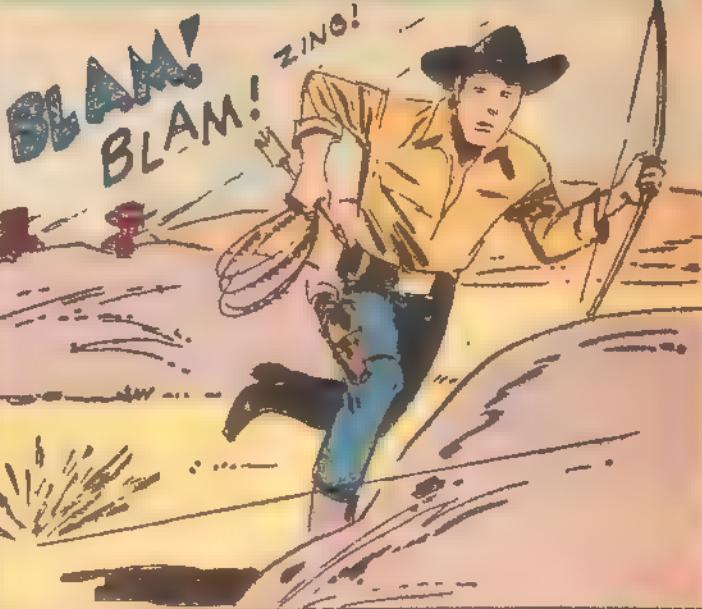
JUST WAIT AND SEE, MAJOR...



I HAVE TO GET CLOSE TO THE SHACK... THAT ROCK OVER THERE... KEEP ME COVERED!

BE CAREFUL, FLINT!

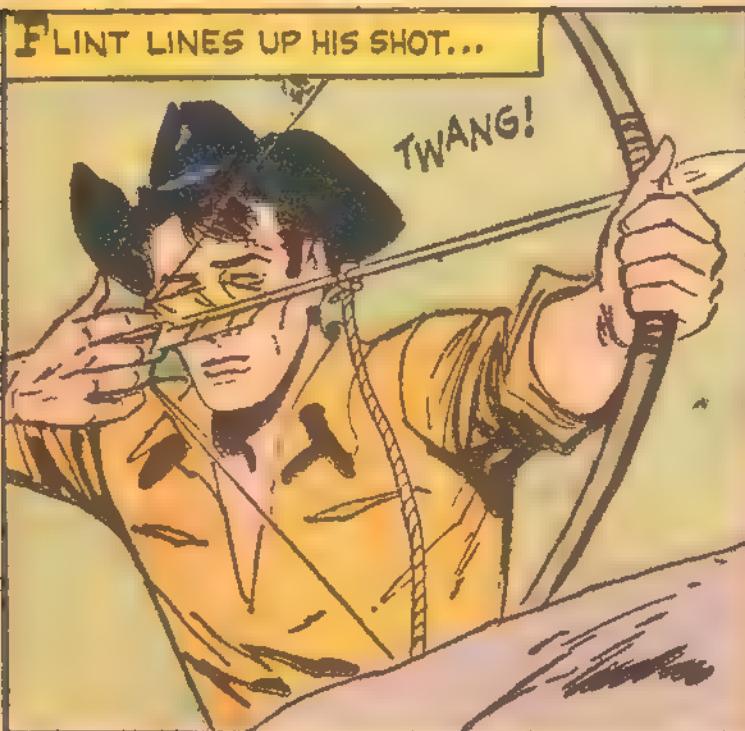
THE MAJOR AND SHERIFF OPEN FIRE...



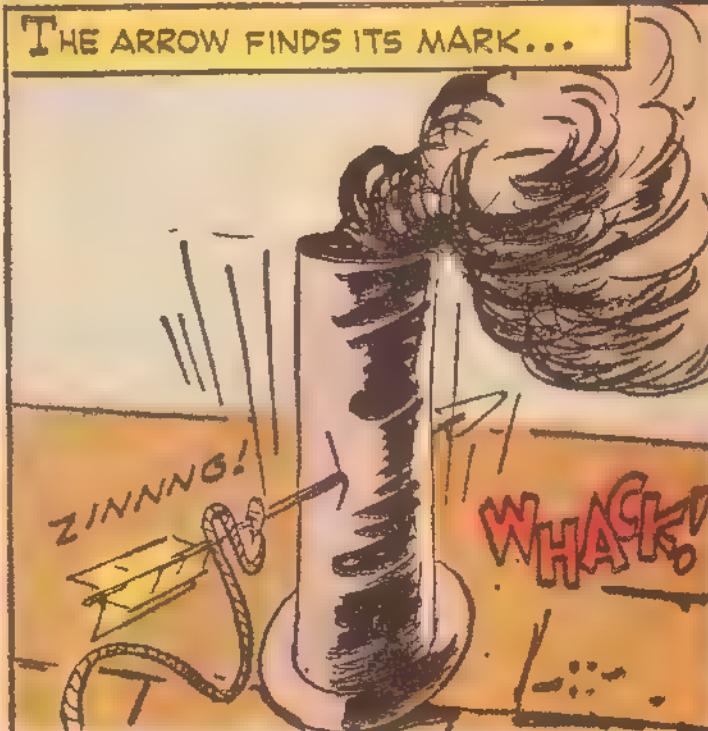
THIS HAS GOT TO WORK!

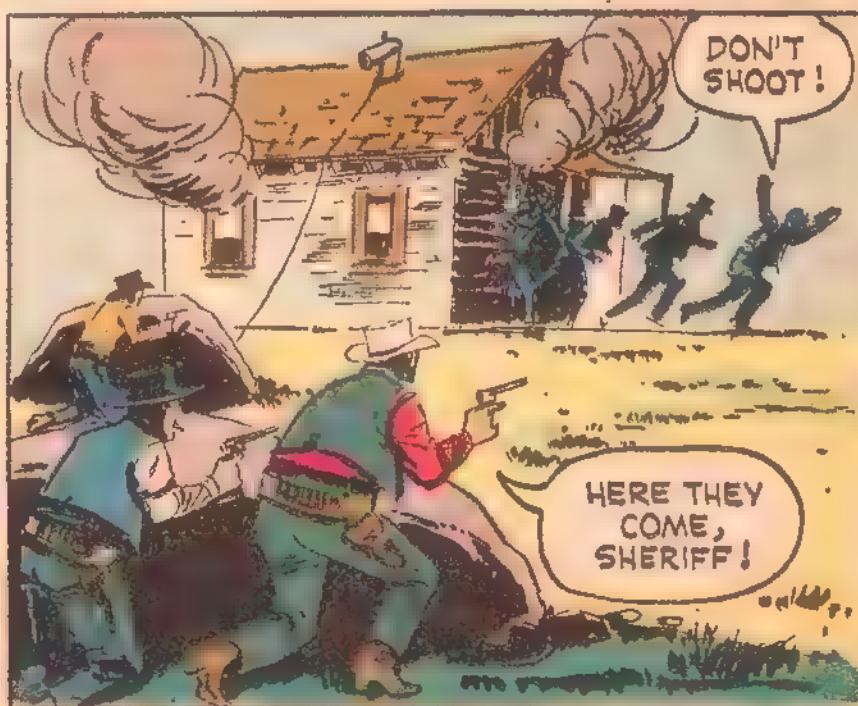
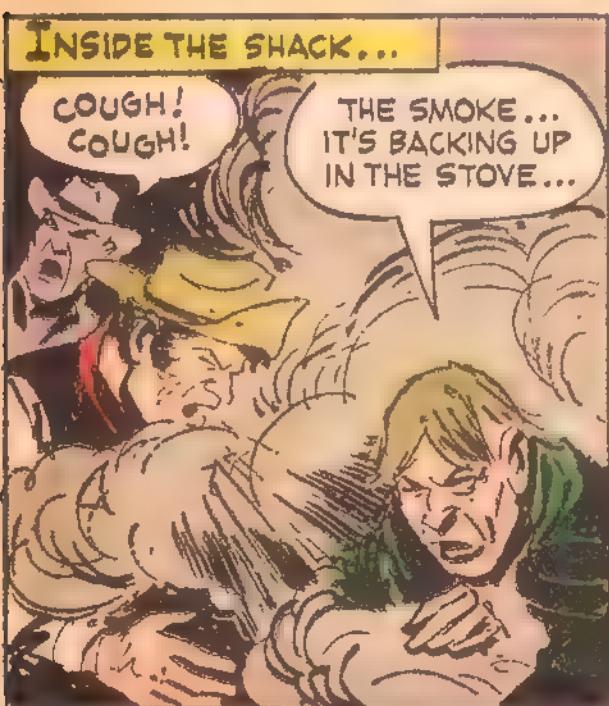
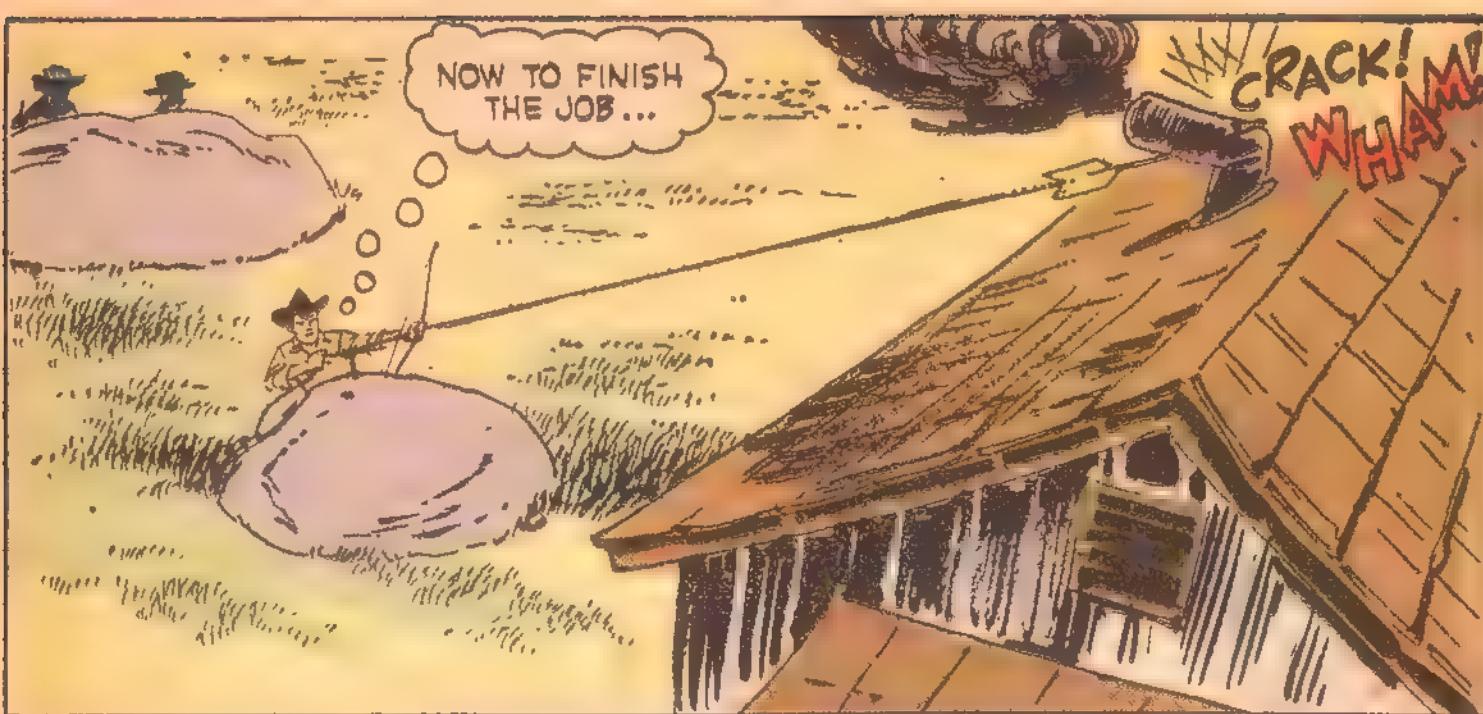


FLINT LINES UP HIS SHOT...



THE ARROW FINDS ITS MARK...





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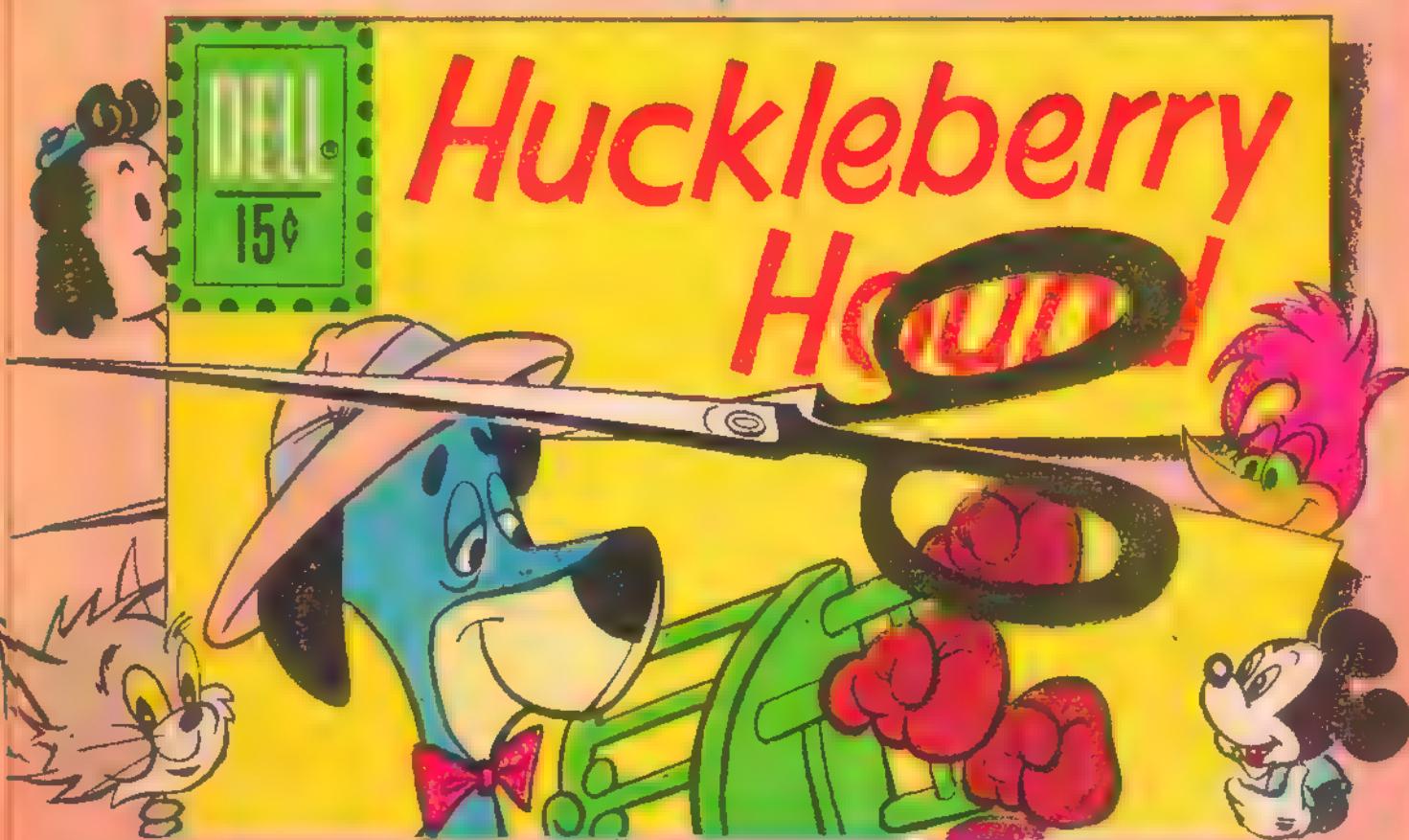
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# A DATE WITH DANGER

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Steve looked closely at the steel-blue revolver the sheriff held out in his hand.

"Gee, Big Tom," Steve gasped, "I'll bet this is the greatest six-shooter ever made." He glanced up at the tall figure looming beside him. "...and I'll bet you are the best sheriff in the whole West!"

Big Tom laughed. "Go 'long with you, young fellah."

"Sure," Steve continued, wide-eyed, "who else but you could have come into this town and cleaned out all the gunslingers and saddle tramps?"

The sheriff frowned. "All of them except Matt Bristow. He's a mean one. I suppose it's just a matter of time before he shows up in town." Then the sheriff laughed. "But that's enough palaver, Son. You'd better high-tail it home 'fore your ma skins me for keeping you from your chores."

"All right," Steve grinned. "See you at the square dance tonight, Sheriff?"

"I'll be there." Then the sheriff chuckled. "You aiming to do some fancy stepping, Son?"

Steve blushed. "'Course not, Sheriff. I'm just going along to watch."

In the big barn that night, the fiddles sawed a lively tune as the dancers rollicked back and forth to the catchy hoe-down.

Steve, standing in the shadows, could see Big Tom talking with Judge Green.

Suddenly there was a disturbance from the darkness beyond — angry voices and some shouting, and then, onto the dance floor lurched a huge, disheveled man.

"Matt Bristow!" someone gasped.

"Hey, Sheriff," Bristow yelled savagely, "if you're so blame tough, slap leather!"

Big Tom stiffened but did not move.

"I said reach for it, Sheriff!" Bristow roared again. But Big Tom turned quietly and strode out of the barn.

"Show him, Sheriff," Steve cried out. "Come back... and show him..." A sob choked off his words as his dream of the ideal hero vanished with the figure of Big Tom walking into the night.

The next morning, Steve sat glumly at the breakfast table.

"What's the matter, Son?" his mother asked. "Picking at your food that way, how you going to grow up tall and strong like your sheriff friend?"

Steve stared at his plate.

"Sure got to hand it to him, though," Steve's mother continued. "The whole town's talking 'bout the way he ran Matt Bristow out of town."

Steve looked up quickly. "Big Tom ran Bristow out of town?"

"This morning. 'Bout five o'clock, as I gather. Seems they locked horns out in front of the general store. Bristow pulled a gun on the sheriff and Big Tom blasted the six-shooter right out of Bristow's hand. That took the fight out of Bristow quick-like, and he skedaddled out of town."

"I knew Big Tom wasn't scared of Bristow," Steve said, though doubt was still in his eyes. "But, Ma, why did Big Tom walk away from Bristow last night at the dance? Why didn't he deal with Bristow right then?"

"And take a chance of innocent folks, who were standing around, getting hurt?" She smiled. "Son, not only is that sheriff friend of yours brave, but he's smart. He knew he'd get the chance to settle with Bristow later, when there would be no one near who might get hurt."

She paused. "Say, Son, where you going? You still haven't finished your breakfast."

"Breakfast can wait, Ma," Steve shouted. "Right now, I've got to find Big Tom and tell him that I don't think he's the best sheriff in the whole West — I know it!"

# THE EYEWITNESS

THERE ISN'T A SOUL IN SIGHT!

JUST THE WAY I LIKE IT! COME ON!

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CRASH!

OKAY, LET'S GET THE MONEY AND FAST!

JUST A FEW DOORS AWAY...

LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE UP EARLY TODAY! THERE ARE TWO HORSES DOWN AT THE BANK!

I WONDER IF THAT'S CHARLIE!

CHARLIE!



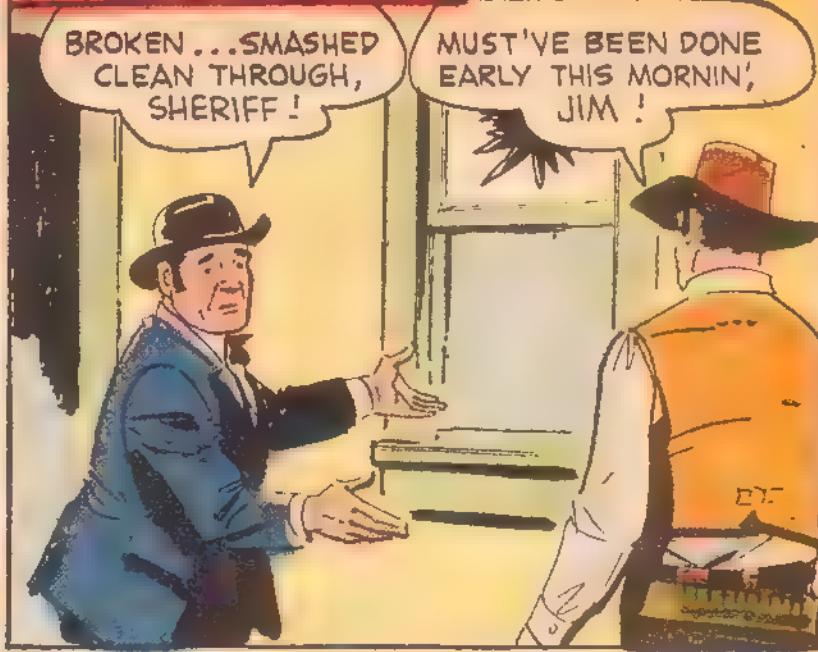
GUESS IT WASN'T CHARLIE! HE SURE  
WOULD'VE STOPPED BY IF IT WAS!  
TOLD HIM HIS ORDER WAS GONNA  
BE READY TODAY!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

BROKEN...SMASHED  
CLEAN THROUGH,  
SHERIFF!

MUST'VE BEEN DONE  
EARLY THIS MORNIN',  
JIM!



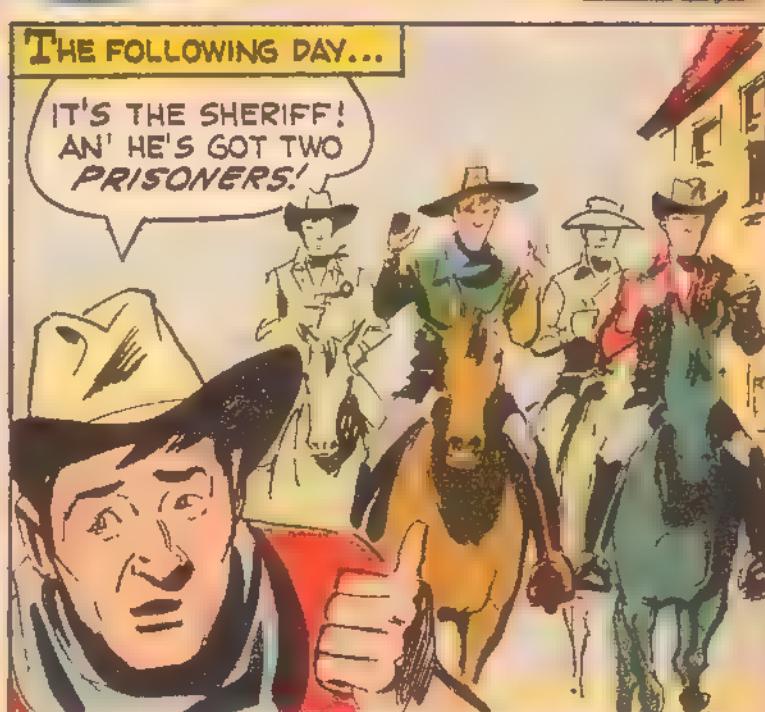
THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY RIDE OUT  
ON THE TRAIL OF THE BANK ROBBERS...

WE GOT TO FIND 'EM, JED! THE  
TOWN IS COUNTIN' ON US!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

IT'S THE SHERIFF!  
AN' HE'S GOT TWO  
PRISONERS!



BUT SHORTLY...

I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN HOLD THOSE  
FELLAS, JIM... I THINK THEY'RE  
THE BOYS... BUT I CAN'T  
PROVE IT!

WHAT ABOUT  
THE MONEY?



THEY MUST'VE HIDDEN IT!  
DIDN'T HAVE A CENT ON  
THEM... AND THEY CLAIM  
THEY WERE NEVER IN  
THIS TOWN!

WE GOT TO  
GET MORE  
EVIDENCE...



LATER...

SIMON... YOU  
SAY YOU **SAW**  
THEM?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY,  
SHERIFF... YOU SEE,  
I WAS SWEEPIN' OUT  
THE GENERAL STORE...

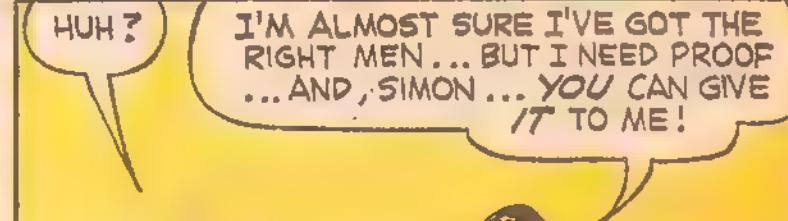
THEN YOU  
**MUST** HAVE  
SEEN THEM!

WELL, TO TELL THE  
TRUTH I GOT REAL  
BAD EYES... I ONLY  
**HEARD** SOMETHIN'...



THEN I SAW A COUPLE  
DARK SHAPES RIDIN'  
ALONG THE STREET...  
BUT NOTHIN' I COULD  
**IDENTIFY**!

BUT THEY  
DON'T  
KNOW  
THAT!



LATER THAT DAY, THE SUSPECTS ARE  
BROUGHT BEFORE THE TOWN JUDGE...

YOU KNOW, SHERIFF... I CAN'T ORDER  
THESE MEN HELD FOR TRIAL UNLESS  
YOU HAVE MORE EVIDENCE!

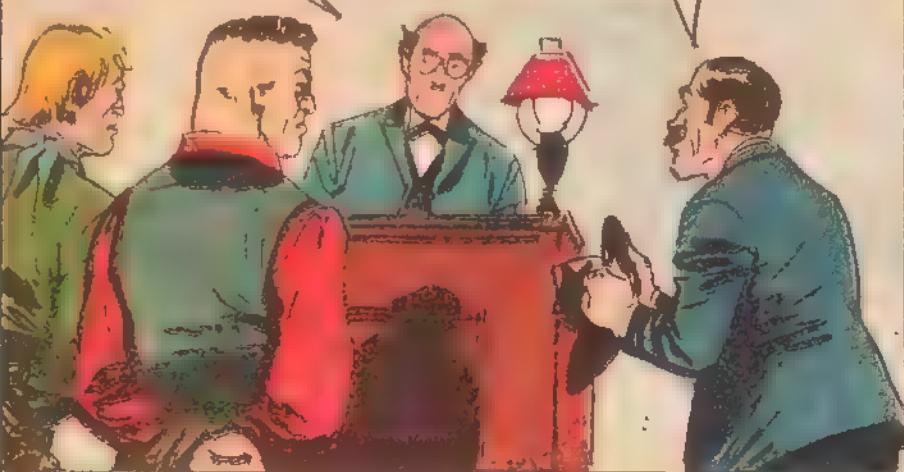
I HAVE THE EVIDENCE, JUDGE!  
AN **EYEWITNESS**! SIMON  
PRATTLEY SAW THESE MEN...



IS THAT TRUE,  
SIMON? ARE  
THESE THE MEN  
THAT ROBBED  
THE BANK...

WELL, I...UH... I WAS IN  
THE GENERAL STORE ...  
SWEEPIN' OUT... JUST A  
COUPLE DOORS DOWN  
FROM THE BANK...

I HEARD THIS CRASHIN' NOISE  
...LIKE A WINDOW OR  
SOMETHIN' BEIN' BUSTED  
... THEN I SAW TWO MEN  
ON HORSES...

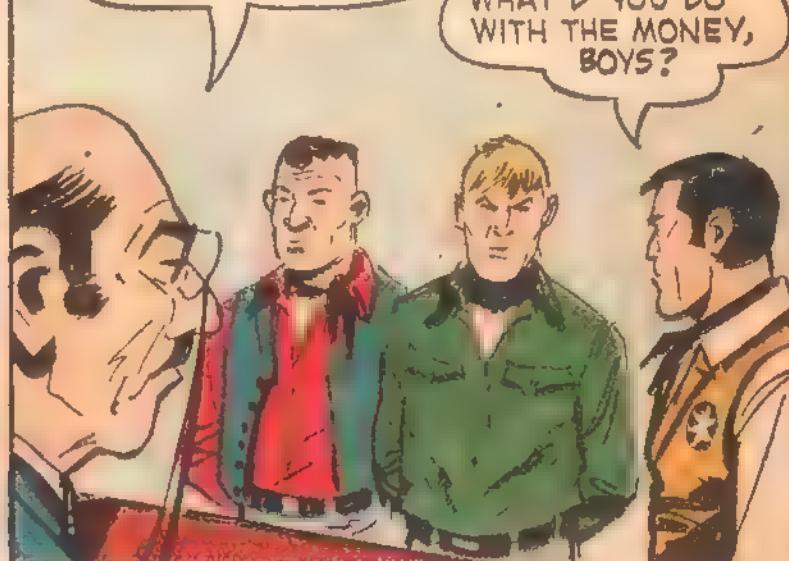


I THOUGHT YOU  
SAID NOBODY  
WAS AROUND!

I THOUGHT WE  
WERE ALONE...I...

GUESS THAT'S PROOF ENOUGH!  
A CONFESSION IS GOOD ENOUGH  
FOR ANY JUDGE!

WHAT'D YOU DO  
WITH THE MONEY,  
BOYS?



WE'LL SHOW YOU  
WHERE IT IS...  
GUESS THERE'S  
NOTHIN' ELSE  
WE CAN DO NOW  
THAT YOU HAD AN  
EYEWITNESS TO IT!

THANKS,  
SIMON... AND  
I'M GOIN' TO  
DO SOMETHIN'  
FOR YOU IN  
RETURN!

A WEEK LATER...

I SURE THANK YOU FOR  
THESE GLASSES, SHERIFF  
... DOGGONE, I CAN SEE  
AS CLEAR AS ANYTHING!  
THE WHOLE WORLD  
LOOKS DIFFERENT!

IT'S THE LEAST I  
CAN DO, SIMON...  
ALTHOUGH YOU WERE  
A MIGHTY GOOD  
WITNESS WHEN YOU  
COULDN'T SEE  
VERY WELL!



WAGON  
TRAIN

# SIOUX PASSPORT

MAJOR! LOOK!

I'VE GOT EYES, FLINT! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!



HE'S IN BAD SHAPE! SUNSTROKE AND SHOCK!

WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING ALONE IN COUNTRY LIKE THIS ANYWAY?

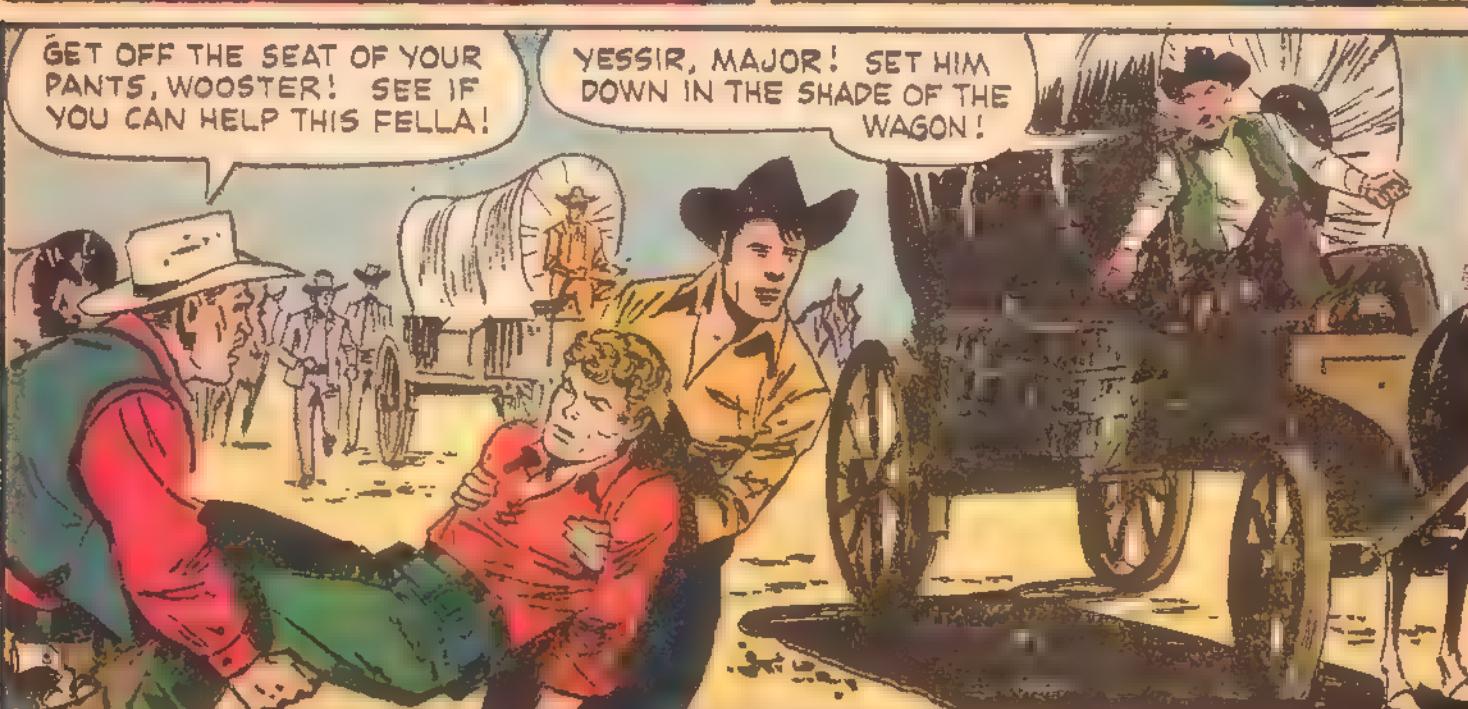
WE'LL HAVE THE ANSWER TO THAT IF WE CAN BRING HIM OUT OF IT!

WAGONS, HALT!



GET OFF THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS, WOOSTER! SEE IF YOU CAN HELP THIS FELLA!

YESSIR, MAJOR! SET HIM DOWN IN THE SHADE OF THE WAGON!



HE SURE ENOUGH LOOKS DRIED OUT! BEST WE GET A LITTLE WATER IN HIM FIRST OFF!

HE'S BEEN IN THE SUN A LONG TIME, THAT'S FOR SURE!

NOT TOO MUCH, WOOSTER!

I KNOW, I KNOW! YOU THINK THIS IS THE FIRST CASE OF SUNSTROKE I'VE EVER SEEN?

GET A BLANKET, FLINT! FUNNY AS IT SEEMS, WE GOT TO KEEP HIM WRAPPED GOOD FOR A WHILE!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, DOCTOR WOOSTER!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

MIght AS WELL MAKE CAMP HERE, FLINT! NO SENSE TAKIN' A CHANCE WITH THIS FELLA'S LIFE!

RIGHT, MAJOR! I'LL HAVE THE FOLKS CIRCLE THE WAGONS! NO SENSE TAKING ANY CHANCES IN SIOUX COUNTRY EITHER!

LATER THAT EVENING...

HOW'S THE PATIENT DOING, WOOSTER?

BEEN MUMBLIN' SOMETHING AWFUL, MAJOR... BUT HE'S COMIN' OUT OF IT NOW!

MM...OOOH... GOT TO...HELP... FAMILY ON TRAIL... WAGON BROKE AXLE... SUN BURNING... MUST GO BACK... SAVE THEM...

NOW, YOU TAKE IT EASY, FELLA... WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN! HOW MANY OF YOUR PEOPLE ARE OUT THERE... AND WHERE?

MY... WIFE... SON... AND BROTHER... WE LEFT THE WAGON TRAIN WE WERE WITH... HEADED NORTH...

SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT... I WAS A DANGED FOOL...

I'VE GOT TO AGREE WITH THAT! THIS IS NO COUNTRY FOR A SINGLE WAGON!

TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE! I'LL RIDE OUT AND BRING THEM IN!

CAN'T TELL YOU... BUT I CAN LEAD YOU THERE!

YOU WON'T BE LEADIN' ANYBODY ANYWHERE, MISTER... NOT FOR A DAY OR TWO ANYWAYS!

YES! I CAN MAKE IT! I'VE... GOT TO!

THE SUN'S SETTING! CAN'T GO ANYWHERE UNTIL MORNING ANYWAY! LET'S SEE HOW YOU FEEL THEN!

THE MAJOR'S RIGHT, MISTER! I'VE RIDDEN THIS TRAIL A DOZEN TIMES, BUT I'D HATE TO TRY IT AT NIGHT!

ALL RIGHT... GUESS YOU KNOW BEST! I... APPRECIATE YOUR HELP! MY NAME'S MOORE... WALT MOORE!

ALL RIGHT, WALT... YOU GET SOME MORE REST! WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN THE MORNING!

THE NEXT MORNING,  
WALT IS STRONGER,  
SO HE AND FLINT  
SET OUT ON THE  
TRAIL CARRYING  
A SPARE AXLE  
FOR THE  
STRANDED WAGON...

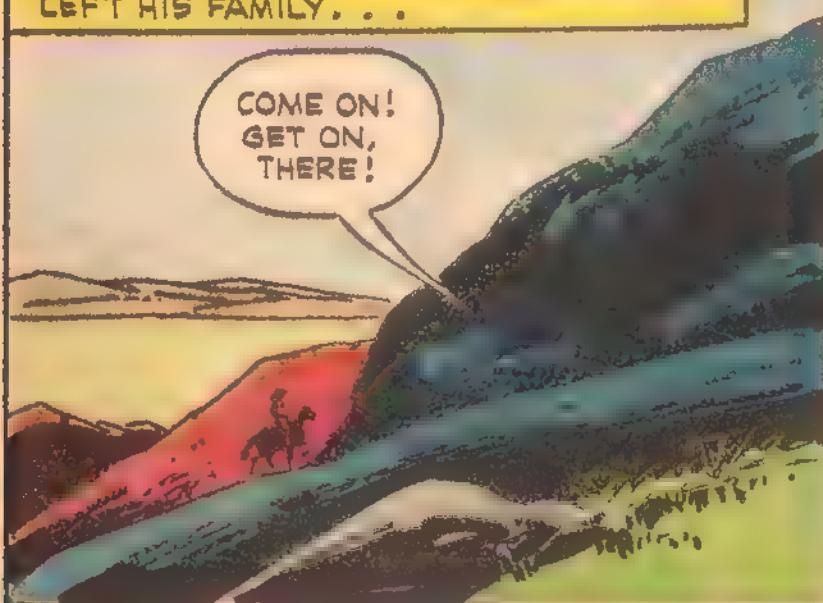
GOOD LUCK! WE'LL  
MEET YOU AT FISHER'S CROSSING  
IF EVERYTHING GOES RIGHT!

THANKS, MAJOR! WE'LL  
SEE YOU THERE!



AS THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES ON, WALT  
GUIDES FLINT BACK TOWARD WHERE HE  
LEFT HIS FAMILY . . .

COME ON!  
GET ON,  
THERE!



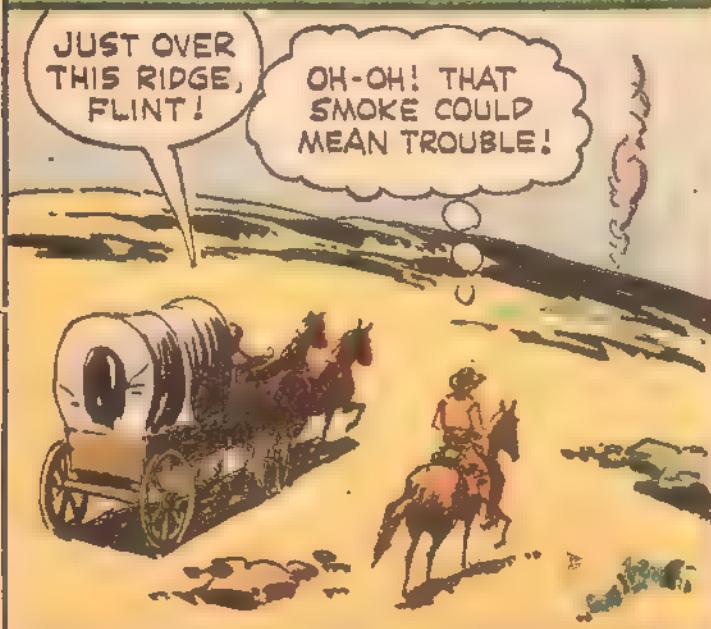
AND AS THEY MOVE ON, HOUR AFTER  
HOUR, FLINT'S ALERT EYES SCAN  
THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR SIGNS OF  
SIOUX TROUBLE . . .



HE SEES NONE UNTIL JUST BEFORE  
THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION . . .

JUST OVER  
THIS RIDGE,  
FLINT!

OH-OH! THAT  
SMOKE COULD  
MEAN TROUBLE!



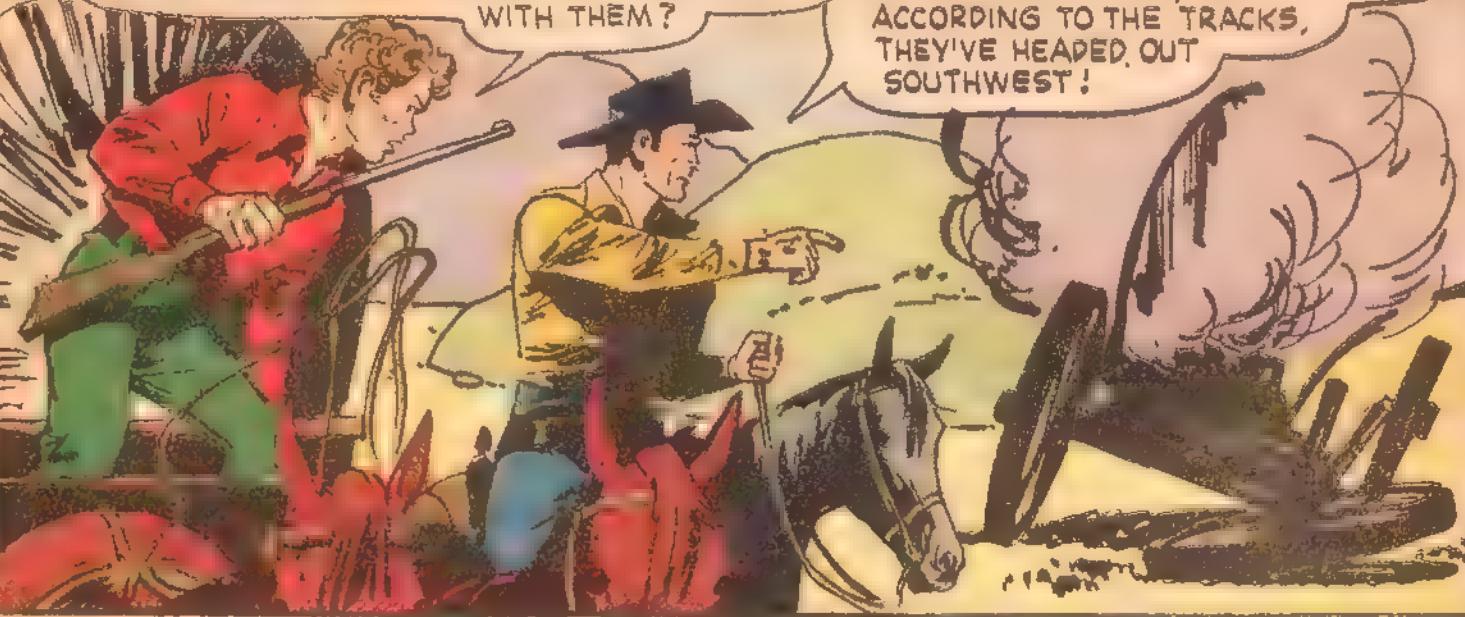
EASY, WALT!

OH, NO!



MY BROTHER...HE...DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!  
AND MY WIFE...SON...WHAT HAVE THEY DONE  
WITH THEM?

I'M AFRAID THE SIOUX HAVE TAKEN  
THEM AS CAPTIVES, WALT!  
ACCORDING TO THE TRACKS,  
THEY'VE HEADED OUT  
SOUTHWEST!



I'VE GOT TO  
FOLLOW THEM!  
I'VE GOT TO  
RESCUE MY  
WIFE AND  
BOY!

YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO  
TRAVEL, WALT! BUT I  
PROMISE...AFTER WE DO  
WHAT WE MUST HERE...  
I'LL TRACK THEM AND TRY  
TO GET THEM AWAY FROM  
THE SIOUX! BESIDES, ONE OF  
US HAS TO GET THE SUPPLY  
WAGON BACK TO THE  
MAJOR!

FLINT...I APPRECIATE  
WHAT YOU'RE DOING...  
BUT THIS IS MY FAMILY  
...AND MY FIGHT! I  
WON'T LET YOU GO  
ALONE!

YOU'RE A  
STUBBORN MAN,  
WALT! AND A  
BRAVE ONE! GUESS  
THERE'S NO USE  
ARGUING WITH  
YOU ANY MORE!



### ONETIME LEATHER

LET'S HEAD TO FISHER'S  
CROSSING! WE'LL LEAVE  
THE WAGON AND GET YOU  
A GOOD, FAST SADDLE  
HORSE!

THE FASTER,  
THE BETTER!

IN  
MEMORY  
OF  
BOB  
MOORE



THE TWO MEN RIDE HARD, AND THEN,  
WITH FISHER'S CROSSING JUST AHEAD...

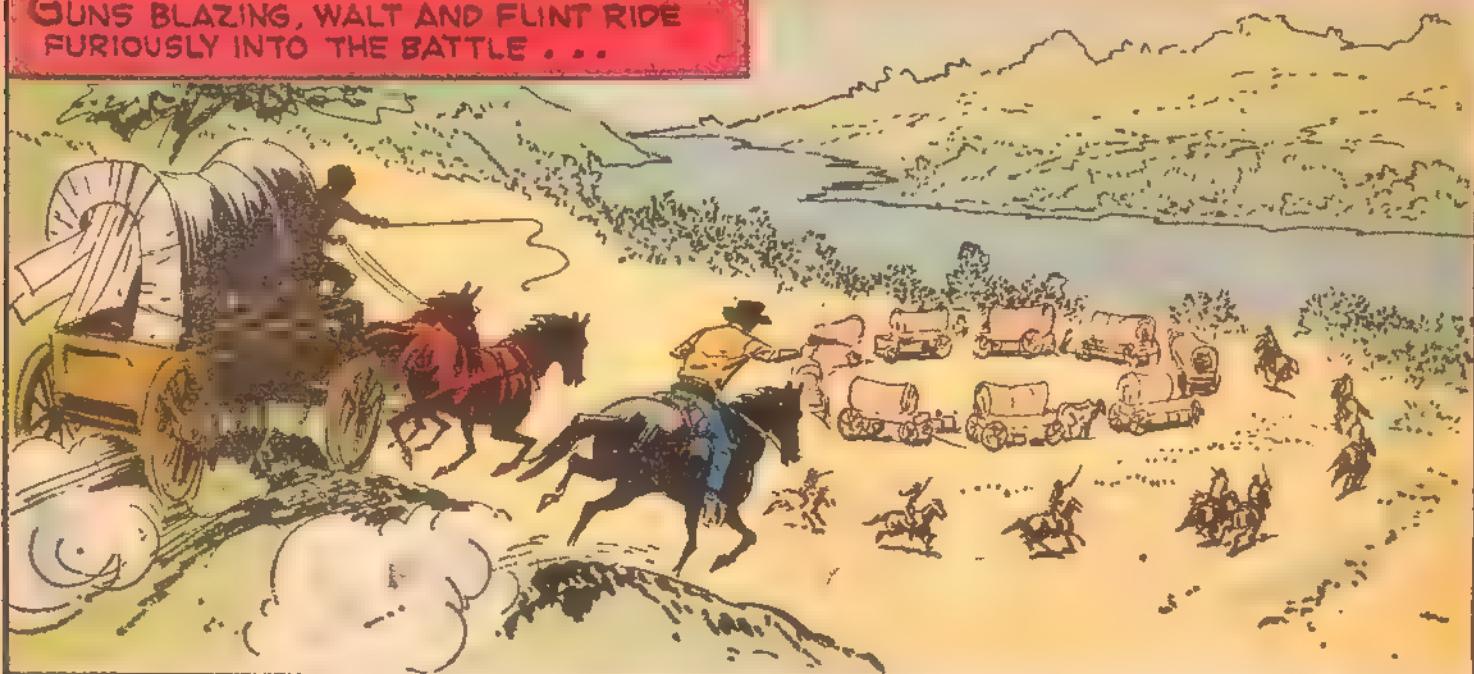
SOUNDS LIKE  
TROUBLE, FLINT!

SIOUX TROUBLE!  
THEY'RE ATTACKING  
OUR WAGONS!

BLAM!  
BLAM!



GUNS BLAZING, WALT AND FLINT RIDE  
FURIOUSLY INTO THE BATTLE . . .



LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE  
HAD ENOUGH!

WALT AND I HAVEN'T, MAJOR! AND WE CAN  
USE THAT PINTO THEY LEFT BEHIND!  
THAT'S JUST THE HORSE WE NEED!

AND SOON...

BLAM!

WE CAN ALWAYS USE  
AN EXTRA HORSE, FLINT,  
BUT WHAT'S SO SPECIAL  
ABOUT THAT ONE?

THIS LITTLE  
BEAUTY'S GOING  
TO LEAD US  
TO THE SIOUX  
CAMP, MAJOR!

THE SIOUX  
CAMP? YOU  
HAVE GONE  
LOCO!

HE MUST'VE!

NOW JUST  
SETTLE  
DOWN AND  
I'LL EXPLAIN!



QUICKLY, FLINT TELLS THE MAJOR  
WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

...SO YOU SEE, MAJOR...I FIGURE  
THIS PINTO CAN LEAD US TO THE  
SIOUX CAMP! THEN, WITH LUCK,  
WE CAN RESCUE WALT'S WIFE  
AND BOY!

COME ON,  
FLINT! LET'S  
GET GOIN'!

GOOD LUCK!

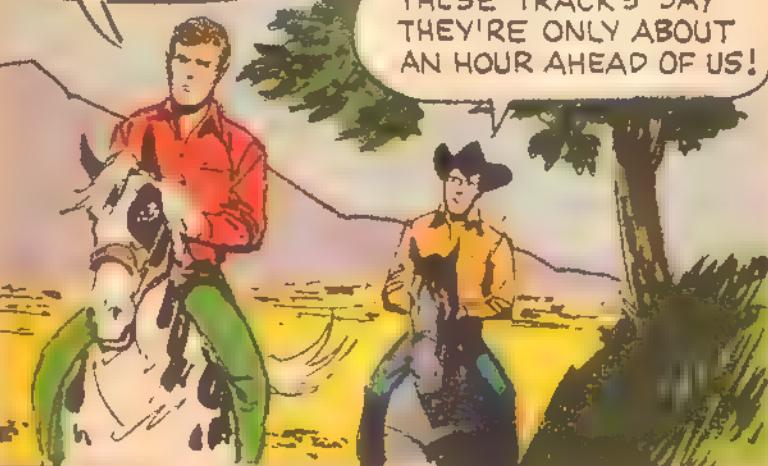
HIVAAH!



WALT GIVES THE PINTO HIS HEAD AS FLINT'S  
TRAINED EYES SCAN THE TRAIL

THIS PONY SEEMS TO  
KNOW WHERE HE'S  
GOING, FLINT!

HE DOES! AND THE  
SIOUX HAVE QUIT  
COVERING THEIR TRAIL!  
THESE TRACKS SAY  
THEY'RE ONLY ABOUT  
AN HOUR AHEAD OF US!



WE'RE RUNNIN'  
OUT OF DAYLIGHT!

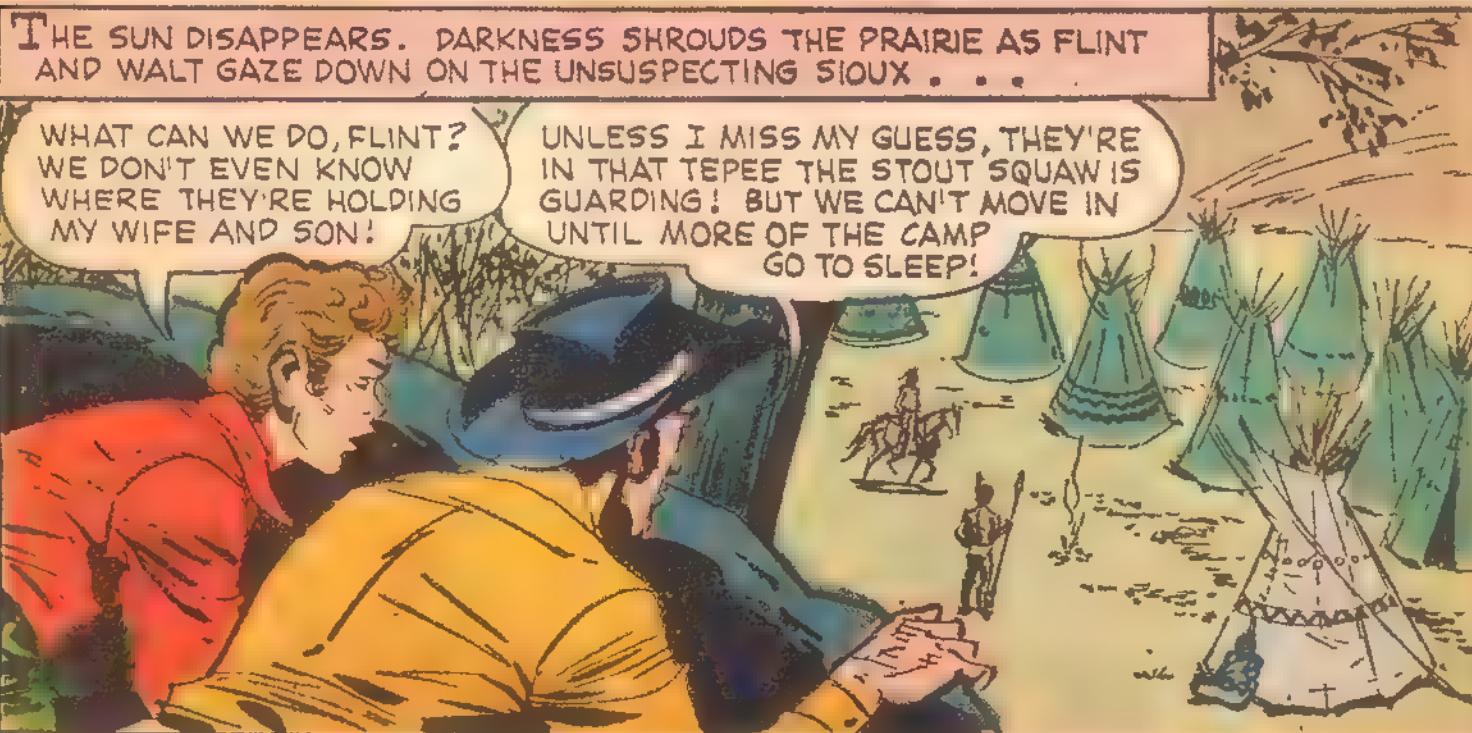
THAT'S GOOD! WE  
WANT TO, WALT!  
DARKNESS IS OUR  
ONLY CHANCE!



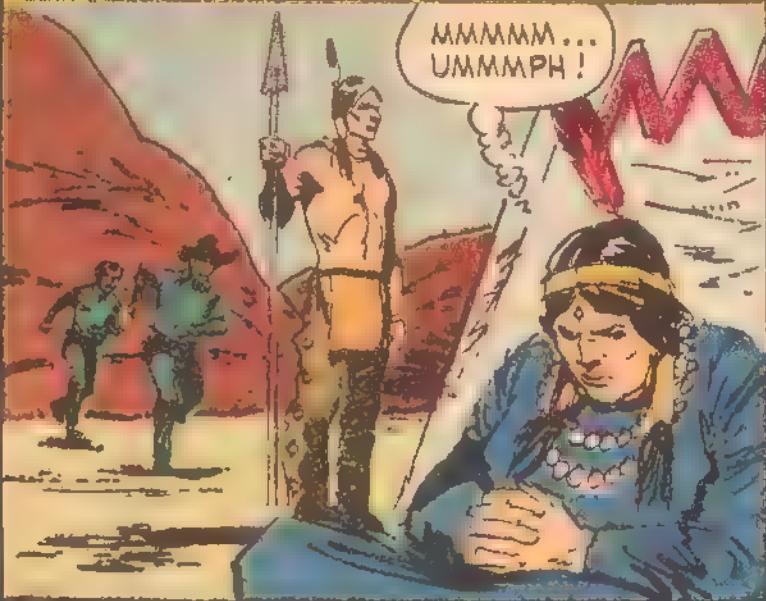
THE SUN DISAPPEARS. DARKNESS SHROUDS THE PRAIRIE AS FLINT  
AND WALT GAZE DOWN ON THE UNSUSPECTING SIOUX . . .

WHAT CAN WE DO, FLINT?  
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW  
WHERE THEY'RE HOLDING  
MY WIFE AND SON!

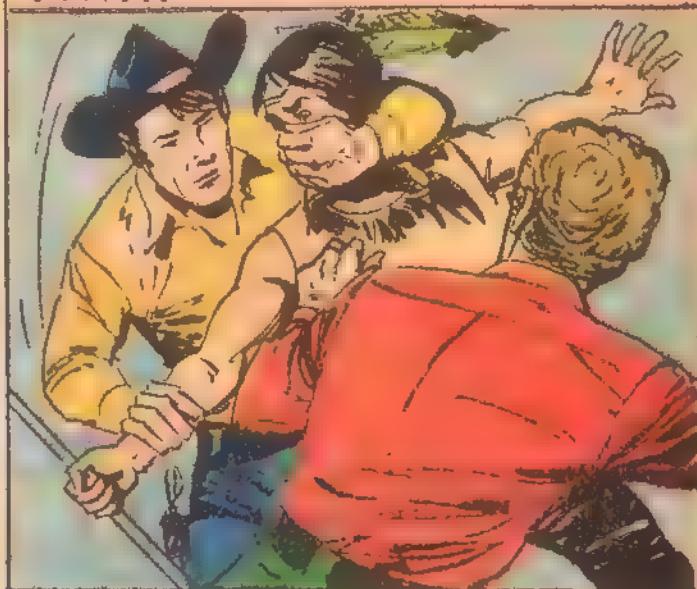
UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THEY'RE  
IN THAT TEPEE THE STOUT SQUAW IS  
GUARDING! BUT WE CAN'T MOVE IN  
UNTIL MORE OF THE CAMP  
GO TO SLEEP!



THE HOURS PASS, THEN FLINT DECIDES IT IS TIME TO MAKE THE MOVE ...



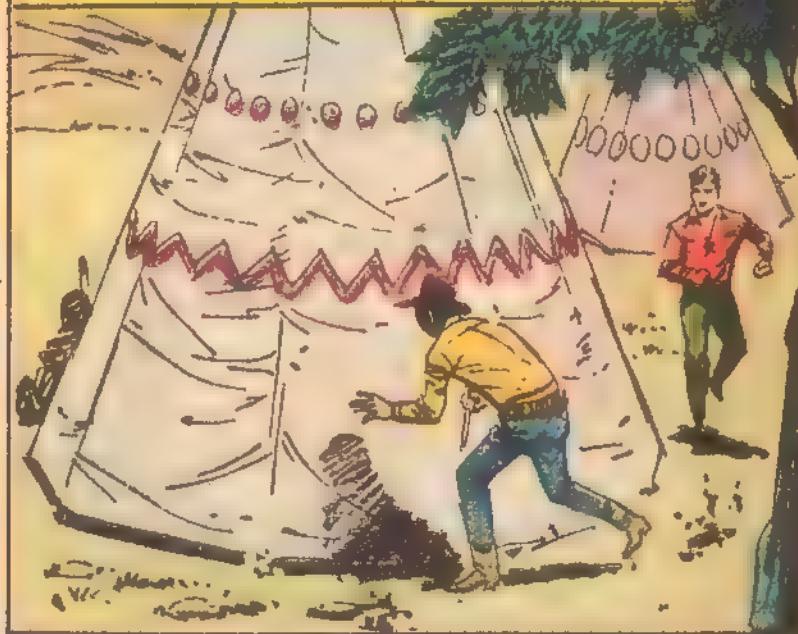
WORKING TOGETHER, FLINT AND WALT STRIKE DOWN THE BRAVE ON SENTRY DUTY...



THEN THEY MOVE STEALTHILY TOWARD THE REAR OF THE TEPEE...



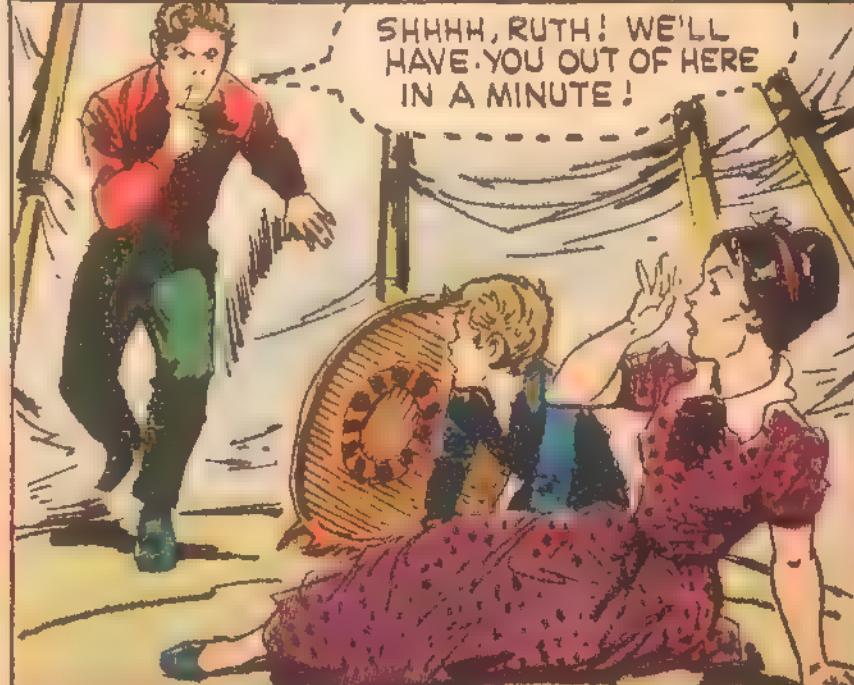
BOTH OF THEM REALIZE THAT ONE FALSE MOVE WILL SPELL DEATH...



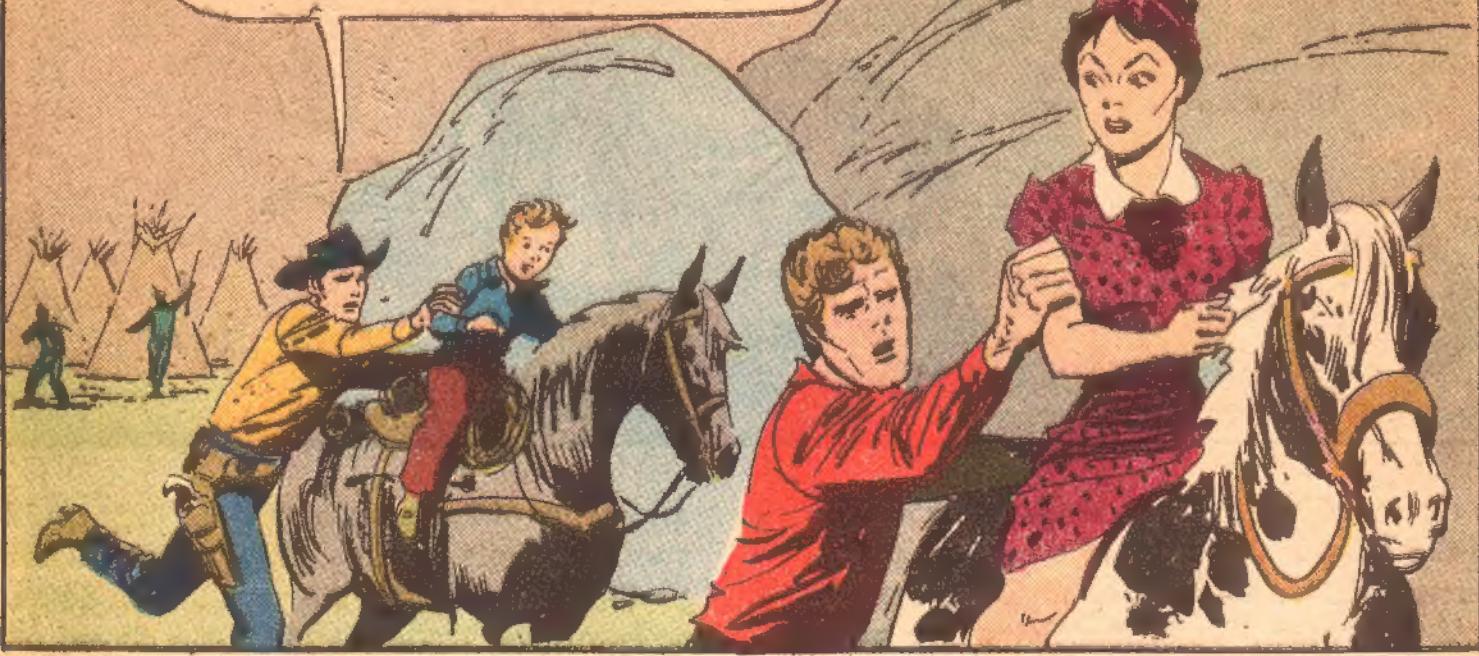
YOU GO IN FIRST, WALT!



SHHHH, RUTH! WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A MINUTE!



UP YOU GO, BOY! THEY'VE SPOTTED US!



KEEP DOWN! ALL WE  
HAVE TO DO IS GET OUT  
OF SIGHT! THEY WON'T  
FOLLOW US!

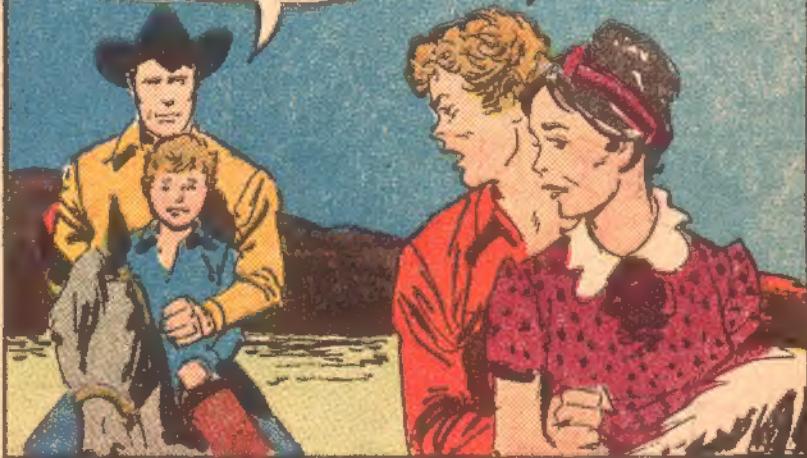
BAM!  
BAM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

PULL 'EM UP, WALT!  
WE CAN TAKE IT EASY  
FROM HERE ON TO  
THE WAGON TRAIN!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND,  
FLINT... HOW COME  
THEY WON'T FOLLOW  
US?



THE SIOUX WON'T FIGHT AT  
NIGHT! THEY'RE AFRAID IF  
THEY GET KILLED, THEIR  
SPIRITS WILL BE LOST IN  
DARKNESS FOREVER!

I'M GLAD THEY  
BELIEVE IN  
SOMETHING!



THEY DO... AND THEIR BELIEF  
BECAME YOUR PASSPORT TO  
FREEDOM!



# TENDERFEET STATION



A cluster of boiling hot springs in the middle of the Nevada desert were a boon to water-starved travelers — if they took the time to cool the water. Unfortunately, many over-anxious gold seekers failed to do so.

One man, Pop Haver, who stopped for a week to cool the water and rest his cattle, remained to establish a way station that became famous throughout the West.

A wagon train, happening upon Pop Haver when he was stopped at the springs, offered a trade of seventy of their trail-weary oxen

for twenty of Pop's fresh ones, so they could continue their journey uninterrupted. The profit of this deal was too good to turn down, so Pop Haver made the trade and stayed on at the watering hole to rest his new tender-footed herd.

Each new wagon train that passed offered Pop Haver a similarly profitable trade. Soon, he had more cattle and supplies than he could ever use or travel with. Thus was founded Tenderfeet Station — and a colorful new word was added to our language.



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Comes in natural deerskin shade, black, oak brown, smooths and white 'buck. The gang'll cheer for the Jeeper!

GET FREE COMIC BOOKLET  
AT YOUR  
**JUMPING-JACKS®**  
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## THE SKEETER!

Washable NyloVel® in black and the new "bone" and moss green. Kitten soft. Ounces light. You'll love it!

... and only **JUMPING-JACKS®**  
makes 'em! The original JEEPER  
for boys and the SKEETER for girls!  
**VAISEY-BRISTOL SHOE CO.**  
Monett, Missouri

## WAGON TRAIN WEAPON OF LIFE



The bow and arrow played a vitally important part in the life of the Indians. Used for hunting, it supplied them with all the food, clothing, and shelter they needed.



Bows and arrows replaced the spear as weapons, and, handled by expert hunters, they were faster and more effective than single-shot rifles for short-range hunting.



When making his bow, the Indian determined its proper length by measuring from the tip of one shoulder across his chest to the end of the middle finger of the opposite outstretched hand... about four feet.



Arrows were usually fletched with eagle or hawk feathers. The length of an arrow was measured from a man's elbow to the tip of his index finger. A good arrow traveled about five hundred feet.



Arrows were carried in quivers made of woven corn husks, bark, or hide. The quiver was worn in back, its strap crossing the wearer's left shoulder and passing under his right arm. The arrows were withdrawn by the right hand over the left shoulder.



Since the bow and arrow allowed an Indian to shoot his enemy from a safe distance, it was not the favored weapon of war. The Indians felt that man-to-man combat was the height of bravery and the surest way to win personal glory.

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